

THE  
Second Book of the WORKS  
OF  
Mr. FRANCIS RABELAIS,  
Doctor in Physick :

Treating of the Heroick Deeds  
and Sayings of the Good

PANTAGRUEL.

Written Originally in the  
FRENCH TONGUE,  
And now faithfully Translated into  
ENGLISH.

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By S. T. V. C.

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Εὐνοεῖ εὐλογεῖ καὶ εὐπεράζει ;  
*Mean, speak, and do well.*

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London, Printed for Richard Baldwin, near the  
Oxford-Arms in Warwick Lane, 1694.



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And now I shall tell you about

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# RABELAIS

TO THE

## READER.

**E**Lsewhere, I taught Physicians  
doubtful Skill,  
Like other Doctors, how to cure or  
kill:

Here is my *Nostrum*, that can ne're  
miscarry;

For all I here prescribe, is to be merry.  
One *Dram* of Mirth will sooner  
mend thy *Crasis*,

Than twenty bitter Draughts, with  
scurvy Faeces.

Let Chymist or the Galenist prevail;  
Yet sure a Course of Mirth is worth  
'em all.

No Drug, nor Hellebore, no Rhubarb  
safe;

O still, the only Physick is to laugh:  
To which, if this small Book cannot  
provoke thee,

Let Pills, let Bolus, Quack, or Ratchiff  
choke thee.

THE  
Author's Prologue.

**M**OST illustrious and thrice valorous  
Champions, Gentlemen and others,  
who willingly apply your Minds to the  
high flights and harmless sallies of Wit. You  
have not long ago seen, read and understood the  
great and inestimable Chronicles of the huge  
Giant Gargantua; and like true Men of Faith,  
have firmly believed all that is contained in them,  
and have very often past your Time amongst  
Honourable Ladies and Gentlewomen, telling  
them fair long Stories when you were out of all  
other Talk, for which you are worthy of great  
Praise and sempiternal Memory. And I do  
heartily wish that every Man would lay aside his  
own Business, meddle no more with his Profession  
nor Trade, and throw all Affairs concerning  
himself behind his Back, to attend this wholly,  
without distracting or troubling his Mind with  
any thing else, until he have learned all without  
Book; that if by chance the Art of Printing  
should cease, or in case that in time to come  
all Books should perish, every Man might truly  
teach them to his Children, and deliver them  
over

## THE Prologue.

over to his Successors and Survivors from hand to hand, as a religious Cabal: for there is in it more Profit, than a Rabble of great pocky Logger-heads are able to discern, who surely understand far less in these little Merriments, than Racket did in the Institutes.

I have known great and mighty Lords, and of those not a few, who going a Deer-hunting, or a hawking after wild Ducks, when the Chase had not encountred with the Blinks, that were cast in her way to retard her Course, or that the Hawk did but plain and smoothly fly without moving her Wings, perceiving the Prey by force of sight to have gained Bounds of her, have been much chafed and vexed, as you understand well enough; but the Comfort unto which they had Refuge, and that they might not take cold, who was to relate the inestimable Deeds of the said Gargantua. There are others in the World, (those are no fantastical Stories) who being much troubled with the Tooth-ache, after they had spent their Goods upon Physicians, without receiving at all any ease of their Pain, have found no more ready Remedy, than to put the said Chronicles betwixt two pieces of Linen Cloth made somewhat hot, and so apply them to the place that smarteth, synapting them with a little Poulder of Projection, otherways called Doribus.

But what shall I say of those poor Men that are plagued with the Pox and the Gout? O how often have we seen them, even immediately

after they were anointed and thoroughly greased, till their Faces did glister like the Key-hole of a Powdering-Tub, their Teeth dance like the Jacks of a pair of little Organs or Virginals when they are play'd upon, and that they fumed from their very Throats like a Boar, which the Mangrel Mastiff-hounds have driven in, and overthrown amongst the Toils: What did they then? All their Consolation was to have some Page of the said jolly Book read unto them. And we have seen those who have given themselves to an hundred Punchions of old Devils, in case that they did not feel a manifest Ease and Asswagement of Pain, at the hearing of the said Book read, even when they were kept in a Purgatory of Torment; no more nor less than Women in Travail use to find their Sorrow abated, when the Life of St. Margarete is read unto them. Is this nothing? find me a Book in any Language, in any Faculty or Science whatsoever, that teach such Virtues, Properties and Prerogatives, and I will be content to pay you a Chapine of Tripes. No, my Masters, no, it is peerless, incomparable, and not to be matched; and this am I resolved for ever to maintain even unto the Fire exclusive. And those that will pertinaciously hold the contrary Opinion, let them be accounted Abusers, Predeterminators, Impostors and Seducers of the People. It is very true, that there are found in some noble and famous Books, certain occult and hidden Properties, in the number of which are reckoned



reckoned Whippot, Orlando furioso, Robert the Devil, Pierabras, William without fear, Huon of Bourdeaux, Monteville, and Matabrune: but they are not comparable to that which we speak of: And the World hath well known by infallible Experience, the great Emolument and Utility which it hath received by this Gargantaine Chronicle; for the Printers have sold more of them in two Months time, than there will be bought of Bibles in nine Years.

I therefore (your humble Slave) being very willing to increase your Solace and Recreations yet a little more, do offer you for a Present, another Book of the same Stamp, only that it is a little more reasonable and worthy of Credit than the other was; for think not (unless you wilfully will err against your Knowledge) that I speak of it as the Jews do of the Law. I was not born under such a Planet, neither did it ever besal me to lie, or affirm a thing far true that was not: I speak of it like a jolly Onocrotarie, I should say Preignotary of the martyrized Lovers, and Croquenotarie of Love: Quod vidimus, testamur. It is of the horrible and dreadful Feats and Prowesses of Pantagruel, whose Menial Servant I have been ever since I was a Page till this hour, that by his leave I am permitted to visit my Cow-Country, and to know if any of my Kindred there be alive.



And: herefore to make an end of this Prologue, even as I give my self fairly to an hundred Panniers full of Devils, Body and Soul, Tripes and Guts, in case that I lie so much as one single word in this whole History. In like manner St. Anthony's Fire burn you, Maymet's Disease whirl you, the Squinzy choke you, Botches, Crinckums sink you plumb down in Pegtrantums, Plagues of Sodom and Gomorrah, cram your pocky Arse with Sorrow, Fire, Brimstone, and Pits bottomless swallow you all alive, in case you do not firmly believe all that I shall relate unto you in this present Chronicle.

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The

The Second Book of  
**RABELAIS,**  
 Treating of the Heroick Deeds and  
 Sayings of the Good  
**PANTAGRUEL.**

**CHAP. I.**

*Of the Original and Antiquity of the  
 Great Pantagruel.*

**I**T will not be an idle nor unprofitable thing, seeing we are at leisure to put you in mind of the Fountain and Original Source, whence is derived unto us the good *Pantagruel*; for I see that all good Historiographers have thus handled their *Chronicles*, not only the *Arabians*, *Barbarians* and *Laines*, but also the gentle *Greeks*, who were eternal Drinkers. You must therefore remark, that at the beginning of the World (I speak of a long time, it is above forty two *Quarantains*

rains of Nights, according to the supputation  
 of the ancient *Druids*) a little after that *Abel*  
 was killed by his Brother *Cain*, the Earth im-  
 brued with the Blood of the Just, was one  
 Year so exceeding fertile in all those Fruits  
 which it usually produceth to us, and especially  
 in *Medlars*, that ever since, throughour all  
 Ages it hath been called the Year of the great  
*Medlars*, for three of them did fill a Bushel.  
 In that Year the *Calends* were found by the  
*Grecian Almanacks*; there was that Year no-  
 thing of the Month of *March* in the time of  
*Len*, and the middle of *August* was in *May*.  
 In the Month of *October*, as I take it, or at  
 least *September* (that I may not err, for I will  
 carefully take heed of that) was the Week so  
 famous in the *Anna's*, which they call the  
 Week of the three *Thursday's*; for it had three  
 of them by means of the irregular *Bissextile*,  
 occasioned by the *Sun's* having tripped and  
 stumbled a little towards the left hand, like a  
 Debtor afraid of *Serjeants*; and the *Moon* va-  
 ried from her Course above five Fathom; and  
 there was manifestly seen the Motion of *Re-  
 pidation* in the Firmament, called *Aplones*: so  
 that the middle *Pleiade* leaving her Fellows,  
 declined towards the *Equinoctial*; and the Star  
 named *Spica*, left the Constellation of the  
*Virgin* to withdraw her self towards the *Bal-  
 lance*: which are Cases very terrible, and Mat-  
 ters so hard and difficult, that *Astrologians*  
 cannot set their Teeth in them, and indeed  
 their

their Teeth had been pretty long if they could have reached thither.

However account you it for a Truth, that every body did then most heartily eat of these *Medlars*, for they were fair to the Eye, and in Taste delicious. But even as *Noah* that holy Man (to whom we are so much beholden, bound and obliged, for that he planted to us the Vine, from whence we have that nectarian, delicious, precious, heavenly, joyful and deifick Liquor, which they call the *Pior*, or *Tiplage*) was deceived in the drinking of it, for he was ignorant of the great Virtue and Power thereof: So likewise the Men and Women of that time did delight much in the eating of that fair great Fruit, but divers and very different Accidents did ensue thereupon; for there fell upon them all in their Bodies a most terrible *Swelling*, but not upon all in the same place; for some were *swollen* in the Belly, and their Belly strouted out big like a great Tun; of whom it is written, *Ventrem Omnipotentem*; who were all very honest Men, and merry Blades: and of this Race came *Sn-Pat-gulch* and *Sbroueruesday*. Others did swell at the Shoulders, who in that place were so crump and knobby, that they were therefore called *Montifers*, (which is as much as to say *Hill-carriers*) of whom you see some yet in the World of divers Sexes and Degrees. Of this Race came *Ussop*, some of whose excellent Words and Deeds you have in Writing.

Some

Some other *Puffes* did *swell* in length by the *Member*, which they call the *Labourer* of *Nature*, in such sort that it grew marvellous long, plump, jolly, lusty, stirring and Crest-risen in the Antick fashion, so that they made use of it as of a Girdle, winding it five or six times about their Wastie: But if it happened the foresaid *Member* to be in good case, spooming with a full Sail, bunt fair before the Wind, then to have seen those strouting Champions, you would have taken them for Men that had their Lances setled on their Rest, to run at the Ring, or tilting *Whintam*. Of these believe me the Race is utterly lost and quite extinct, as the Women say; for they do lament continually, that there are none extant now of those *long, plump, &c.* you know the rest of the Song. Others did grow in matter of Ballocks so enormously, that three of them would fill a Sack; from them are descended the Ballocks of *Lorrain*, which never dwell in Codpieces, but fall down to the bottom of the Breeches. Others grew in the *Flams*, and to see them, you would have said they had been Cranes, or *Flamans*, or else Men walking upon Stilts; the little School-boys called these *Jambuks*. In others, their Nose did grow so, that it seemed to be the Beak of a *Limbeck*, in every part thereof most variously diapered with the twinkling Sparkles of Crimson-blisters budding forth, and purpled with Pimples all enswathed with thick-set Wheals of a sanguine Colour.



Colour, bordered with *Queules*; and such have you seen the Prebend *Panzoul*, and *Woodenfoot* the Physician of *Angiers*: of which Race there were few that liked the *Prisane*, but all of them were perfect lovers of the pure *septembral Juice*. *Naso* and *Ovid* had their Extraction from thence, and all those of whom it is written, *Ne reminiscaris*. Others grew in *Ears*, which they had so big, that out of one would have been stuff enough got to make a Doublet, a pair of Breeches and a Jacket, whilst with the other they might have covered themselves as with a *Spanish Cloak*: and they say, that in *Bourbonois* this Race remaineth yet: And from thence they are called the *Ears of Bourbon*. Others grew in length of Body, and of those came the *Giants*, and of them *Pantagruel*.

And the first was *Chalbroth*, who begat *Sarabroth*, who begat *Faribroth*, who begat *Hurtali*, that was a brave Eater of Pottage, and reigned in the time of the Flood; who begat *Nembroth*, who begat *Atlas*, that with his Shoulders kept the Sky from falling; who begat *Goliath*, who begat *Erix*, that invented the *Hackney Poem* Plays of *Legerdemain*; who begat *Tisw*,

who



who begat *Eryon*,  
 who begat *Poliphemus*,  
 who begat *Chaos*,  
 who begat *Etion*, the first Man that ever had  
 the Pox, for not drinking fresh in Summer,  
 as *Bartachin* witnesseth;  
 who begat *Enceladus*,  
 who begat *Ceus*,  
 who begat *Tiphemus*,  
 who begat *Aleus*,  
 who begat *Othus*,  
 who begat *Egeon*,  
 who begat *Briareus*, that had an hundred  
 Hands;  
 who begat *Porphyrio*,  
 who begat *Adamastor*,  
 who begat *Anteus*,  
 who begat *Agatho*,  
 who begat *Porus*, against whom fought *Alex-*  
*ander* the Great;  
 who begat *Arantbas*,  
 who begat *Cabbara*, that was the first Inven-  
 tor of drinking of Healths;  
 who begat *Goliath* of *Secundille*,  
 who begat *Offor*, that was terribly well-nosed  
 for drinking at the Barrel-head;  
 who begat *Artachenus*,  
 who begat *Oromedon*,  
 who begat *Gemmagog*, the first Inventor of  
*Poulan* Shoes, which are open on the Foot,  
 and tied over the Instep with a Latchet;  
 who begat *Sisyphus*,

who begat the *Titans*; of whom *Hercules* was born;

who begat *Enay*, the most skilful Man that ever was, in matter of taking the little Worms out of the Hands;

who begat *Fierabras*, that was vanquished by *Oliver* Peer of *France*, and *Rowland's* Camerade;

who begat *Morgan*, the first in the World that play'd at Dice with Spectacles;

who begat *Fracassus*, of whom *Martin Coccaius* hath written, and of him was born *Ferragus*;

who begat *Hapmonche*, the first that ever invented the drying of Neats-Tongues in the Chimney; for before that People salted them as they do now Gammons of Bacon;

who begat *Bolivarax*;

who begat *Longis*;

who begat *Gayosso*, whose Ballocks were of Poplar, and his Prun of the *Servise*, or *Sorb-Apple Tree*;

who begat *Maschefain*;

who begat *Brusleser*;

who begat *Angoulevent*;

who begat *Galehaut*, the Inventor of Flagons;

who begat *Marelanguant*;

who begat *Gallaffre*;

who begat *Salourdin*;

who begat *Rebous*;

who begat *Sordidan* of *Contimbrey*;

who begat *Brusant* of *Manimere*;

who

who begat *Bruyer*, that was overcome by *Ogier*  
 the *Dane*, Peer of *France*;  
 who begat *Mabruin*,  
 who begat *Routasnon*,  
 who begat *Haquiebat*,  
 who begat *Vitdegain*,  
 who begat *Grangousier*,  
 who begat *Gargantua*,  
 who begat the noble *Pantagruel* my Master.

I know that reading this Passage, you will  
 make a doubt within your selves, and that  
 grounded upon very good Reason, which is  
 this, How is it possible that this Relation can  
 be true, seeing at the time of the Flood all  
 the World was destroyed except *Noah*, and  
 seven Persons more with him in the Ark, in-  
 to whose number *Hurtali* is not admitted:  
 Doubtless the Demand is well made, and ve-  
 ry apparent; but the Answer shall satisfy you,  
 or my Wit is not rightly caulked: and because  
 I was not at that time to tell you any thing  
 of my own fancy, I will bring unto you the  
 Authority of the *Maseros*, good honest Fel-  
 lows, true *Ballockeering* Blades, and exact *He-  
 bréual* Bagpipers, who affirm that verily the  
 said *Hurtali* was not within the Ark of *Noah*,  
 (neither could he get in, for he was too big.)  
 but he sat astride upon it, with one Leg on the  
 one side, and another on the other, as little  
 Children used to do upon their wooden Hor-  
 ses; or as the great Bull of *Berne*, which was  
 killed

killed at *Marinian*, did ride for his Hackney the great Murdering-Piece, a pretty Beast of a fair and pleasant Amble without all question.

In that posture he, after God, saved the said Ark from danger, for with his Legs he gave it the Brangle that was needful, and with his Foot turned it whither he pleased, as a Ship answereth her Rudder. Those that were within sent him up Victuals in abundance by a Chimney, as People very thankfully acknowledging the Good that he did them: And sometimes they did talk together, as *Varomenippus* did to *Jupiter*, according to the report of *Lucian*. Have you understood all this well? Drink then one good draught without Water, for if you believe it not: *No truly do I not*, quoth she.

## CHAP. II.

*Of the Nativity of the most dread and redoubted Pantagruel.*

**G**Argantua at the Age of four hundred fourscore forty and four Years begat his Son *Pantagruel*, upon his Wife named *Badebec*, Daughter to the King of the *Amavrots* in *Utopia*, who died in Child-birth; for he was so wonderfully great and lumpish, that he could not possibly come forth into the Light of the World, without thus suffocating his Mother.

Mother! But that we may fully understand the cause and reason of the Name of *Panagruel*, which at his Baptism was given him, you are to remark, that in that Year there was so great Drought over all the Country of *Africa*, that there past thirty and six Months, three Weeks, four Days, thirteen Hours, and a little more without Rain, but with a Heat so vehement, that the whole Earth was parched and withered by it: Neither was it more scorched and dried up with Heat in the days of *Elijah*, than it was at that time; for there was not a Tree to be seen, that had either Leaf or Bloom upon it: the Grass was without Ver dure or Greenness, the Rivers were drained, the Fountains dried up, the poor Fishes abandoned and forsaken by their proper Element, wandering and crying upon the Ground most horribly: the Birds did fall down from the Air for want of Moisture and Dew wherewith to refresh them: the Wolves, Foxes, Hares, Wild-Boars, Fallow-Deer, Hares, Coneys, Weasils, Brooks, Badgers, and other such Beasts were found dead in the Fields with their Mouths open. In respect of Men, there was the Pity, you should have seen them lay out their Tongues like Hares that have been run six Hours; many did throw themselves into the Wells; others entered within a Cow's Belly to be in the Shade; those *Homer* calls *Alibants*: all the Country was at a stand, and nothing could be done; it was a most lament-



lamentable case to have seen the Labour of Mortals in defending themselves from the Vehemency of this horrick Drought; for they had work enough to do to save the *holy Water* in the Churches from being wasted: but there was such order taken by the Counsel of my Lords, the *Cardinals*, and of our *Holy Father*, that none did dare to take above one lick; yet when any one came into the Church, you should have seen above twenty poor thirsty Fellows hang upon him that was the Distributer of the *Water*, and that with a wide open Throat, gaping for some little drop (like the rich Glutton in *St. Luke*) that might fall by, lest any thing should be lost. O *happy* was he in that Year who had a cool *Cellar* under ground, well plenished with fresh *Wine*!

The *Philosopher* reports in moving the Question, Wherefore is it that the *Sea Water* is salt? That at the time when *Phaeton* gave the Government of his resplendent Chariot to his Son *Phaeton*, the said *Phaeton*, unskilful in the Art, and not knowing how to keep the *Ecliptick-Line* betwixt the two *Tropicks* of the *Latitude* of the Sun's Course, strayed out of his way, and came so near the Earth, that he dried up all the Countries that were under it, burning a great part of the Heaven, which the *Philosophers* call *Vulstus*, and the *Huffsnuffs*, *St. James* his way; altho the most lofty and high-crested Poets affirm that



that to be the place where *Juno's* Milk fell when she gave Suck to *Hercules*.

The Earth at that time was so excessively heated, that it fell into an enormous Sweat, yea such as one that made it *sweat* out the Sea, which is therefore *salt*, because all Sweat is *salt*; and this you cannot but confess to be true, if you will taste of your own, or of those that have the Pox when they are put into a *sweating*, it is all one to me. Just such another case fell out this same Year; for on a certain *Friday*, when the whole People were bent upon their Devotions, and had made goodly *Processions*, with store of *Litanies*, and fair *Preachings*, and Beleechings of God Almighty to look down with his Eye of Mercy upon their miserable and disconsolate Condition, there was even then visibly seen issue out of the Ground great drops of Water, such as fall from a Man in a top Sweat; and the poor *Hoydons* began to rejoyce, as if it had been a thing very profitable unto them; for some said that there was not one drop of Moisture in the Air, whence they might have any Rain, and that the Earth did supply the default of that. Other learned Men said, that it was a Shower of the *Antipodes*, as *Seneca* saith in his fourth Book *Questionum Naturalium*, speaking of the Source and Spring of *Nilus*; but they were deceived; for the Procession being ended, when every one went about to gather of this Dew, and to drink

of it with full Bowls, they found that it was nothing but *Pickle*, and the very *Brine* of Salt, more brackish in Taste than the saltest Water of the Sea: and because in that very Day *Pantagruel* was born, his Father gave him that Name; for *Panta* in *Greek* is as much as to say *all*, and *Gruel* in the *Hagarene* Language doth signify *thirsty*; inferring hereby, that at his Birth the whole World was a dry and thirsty; as likewise foreseeing that he would be some day Supream Lord and Sovereign of the *thirsty Companions*, which was shewn to him at that very same hour by a more evident sign; for when his Mother *Badebec* was in the bringing of him forth, and that the Midwives did wait to receive him, there came first out of her Belly three-score and eight *Salt-sellers*, every one of them leading in a Halter a *Mule* heavy loaded with *Salt*; after whom issued forth nine *Dromedaries*, with great Loads of Gammons of Bacon, and dried Neats-Tongues on their Backs; then followed seven *Camels* loaded with Links and Chitterlins, Hogs-puddings and Saffages; after them came out five great *Wains* full of Leeks, Garlicke, Onions and Chibols, drawn with five and thirty strong Cart-horses, which was six for every one, besides the *Thiller*. At the sight hereof the Midwives were much amazed; yet some of them said, Lo, here is good Provision, and indeed we need it, for we drink but lazily, as if our Tongues walked on

on Crutches: truly this is a good sign there is nothing here but what is fit for us, these are the *Spurs of Wine* that set it a going. As they were tatling thus together after their own manner of Chat, behold, out comes *Pantagruel* all hairy like a Bear; whereupon one of them inspired with a Prophetical Spirit, said, *This will be a terrible Fellow, he is born with all his Hair, he is undoubtably to do wonderful things; and if he live, he will be of Age.*

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### CHAP. III.

*Of the Grief wherewith Gargantua was moved at the Decease of his Wife Badebec.*

**W**HEN *Pantagruel* was born, there was none more astonish'd and perplexed than was his Father *Gargantua*; for on the one side seeing his Wife *Badebec* dead, and on the other side his Son *Pantagruel* born, so fair and so goodly, he knew not what to say nor what to do; and the Doubt that troubled his Brain, was to know whether he should cry for the Death of his Wife, or laugh for the Joy of his Son: he was *hinc inde* choaked with Sophistical Arguments, for he framed them very well *in modo & figura*, but he could not resolve them, remaining pestered and entangled by this means, like a *Mouse* catch'd in a Trap, or *Kite* snar'd in a Gin. Shall I weep? (said he) Yes, for why? my so good Wife

Wife is dead, who was the most *tho*, the most *that*, that ever was in the World: Never shall I see her, never shall I recover such another; it is unto me an inestimable Loss! O my good God, what had I done that thou shouldst thus punish me? Why didst thou not take me away before her? seeing for me to live without her, is but to languish. Ah, *Badebec, Badebec*, my Minion, my dear Heart, my Pigsney, my Duck, my Honey, my little C—— (yet it hath in Circumference full six Acres, three Rods, five Poles, four Yards, two Feet, one Inch and a-half of good Woodland Measure) my tender Peggy, my Godpiece-Darling, my bob and hit, my Slipshoe-Lovy, never shall I see thee! Ah, poor *Pantagruel*, thou hast lost thy good Mother, thy sweet Nurse, thy well-beloved Lady! O false Death, how injurious and despicablest thou hast been to me? How malicious and outrageous have I found thee, in taking her from me, my well-beloved Wife, who should of right have been immortal?

With these words he did cry like a Cow, but on a sudden fell a laughing like a Calf, when *Pantagruel* came into his Mind. Ha, my little Son (said he) my Childilolly, Feddisondy, Dandlichucky, my Ballocky, my pretty Rogue; O how jolly thou art, and how much am I bound to my gracious God, that hath been pleased to bestow on me a Son so fair, so sprightly, so lively, so smiling, so pleasant, and so gentle. *Ho, ho, ho, ho*, how glad I am? *See*

us drink, be, and put away Melancholy; bring of the best wine the Churches, lay the Cloth, drive out these Dogs, blow this Fire, light Candles, then that Door there, cut this Bread in sippets for Brewis, send away these poor Folks, give them what they ask; hold my Gown, I will strip my self into my Doublet, (*en corps*) to make the Gossips merry, and keep them company.

As he spake this, he heard the *Litanies* and the *Aleluia's* of the Priests that carried his Wife to be buried, which dash'd all his Memento agen, and was suddenly ravished another way, saying, Lord God, must I again contrist my self: this grieves me, I am no longer young, I grow old, the Weather is dangerous, I am sick, I faint away; by the Faith of a Gentleman, it were better to cry less, and drink more.

My Wife is dead, well, by G— (*de jure* di) I shall not raise her again by my crying: she is well, she is in Paradise at least, if she be no higher: she prayeth to God for us, she is happy, she is above the sense of our Miseries, nor can our Calamities reach her: What tho she be dead, must not we also die? the same Debt which she hath paid, hangs over our Heads; Nature will require it of us, and we must all of us some day taste of the same sauce: let her pass then, and the Lord preserve the Survivors, for I must now cast about how to get another Wife. But I will tell you what



what you shall do, said he to the Midwives,  
(where be they, good Folks, I cannot see  
them) go you to my Wife's Intèrment, and  
I will the while rock my Son; for I find my  
self strangely altered, and in danger of falling  
sick: but drink one good Draught first, you  
will be the better for it; believe me upon my  
Honour. They at his request went to her Bu-  
rial and Funeral Obsequies; in the mean  
while, poor *Gargolana* staying at home, and  
willing to have somewhat in Remembrance of  
her to be engraven upon her Tomb, made  
this *Epitaph* in the manner as followeth.

*Dead be the noble Baderbec*  
*Whom to France like a Rebel*  
*Spun his Body and a Belly*  
*Of Switzerland; who chid, I tell ye,*  
*In Child-birth; pray to God that her*  
*No pardon wherein she did err.*

*Here lieth her Body, which did live*  
*Free from all Vices, as believ'd*  
*And did decree Mr. My Beloved*  
*The few and Day in which he liv'd*

*Shel'ter to boil his Milk in, there were set*  
*Work all the Sisters of Somers in Ajay, of*  
*Normandy, and of Brement in*

*Normandy; and they served in this Whitcher*  
*near to him in a huge great Bell which is yet*  
*to be seen in the City of Bourges in Berry, near*

*But his Tomb were already to well*  
*Grown, and so mingled in Vigor, that of*  
*the*

CHAP.





the said Bell he bit off a great Morfel, as very plainly doth appear till this hour.

One Day in the Morning when they would have made him suck one of his Cows (for he never had any other Nurse, as the History tells us) he got one of his Arms loose from the swaddling Bands, wherewith he was kept fast in the Cradle, laid hold on the said Cow under the left fore-Ham, and grasping her to him, ate up her Udder and half her Paunch, with the Liver and the Kidnies, and had devoured all up if she had not cried out most horribly, as if the Wolves had held her by the Legs: at which Noise Company came in and took away the said Cow from *Ramagruel*; yet could they not so well do it, but that the Quarter whereby he caught her was left in his Hand, of which Quarter he gulp'd up the Flesh in a trice, even with as much ease as you would eat a Sallage; and that so greedily with desire of more, that when they would have taken away the Bone from him, he swallowed it down whole, as a Cormorant would do a little Fish; and afterwards began stumblingly to say, *Good, good, good*; for he could not yet speak plain, giving them to understand thereby, that he had found it very good, and that he did lack but so much more; which when they saw that attended him, they bound him with great Cable-Ropes, like those that are made at *Tam* for the Carriage of Salt to *Lyons*, or such as those are

whereby the great *French Ship* rides at Anchor in the Road of *New-haven* in *Normandy*. But on a certain time, a great Bear which his Father had bred, got loose, came towards him, began to lick his Face, for his Nurses had not thoroughly wiped his Chaps; at which unexpected approach, being on a sudden offended, he as lightly rid himself of those great Cables, as *Samson* did of the *Haufer Ropes* wherewith the *Philistines* had tied him, and by your leave, takes up *Monsieur* the Bear, and tears him to you in pieces like a Pullet, which served him for a Gorge-full, or good warm Bit for that Meal.

Whereupon *Gargantua* fearing lest the Child should hurt himself, caused four great Chains of Iron to be made to bind him, and so many strong Wooden Arches unto his Cradle, most firmly stocked and mortaised in huge Frames: Of those Chains you have one at *Roche*, which they drew up at Night betwixt the two great Towers of the Haven. Another is at *Lyons*; a third at *Angiers*; and the fourth was carried way by the Devils to bind *Lucifer*, who broke his Chains in those days, by reason of a Cholick that did extraordinarily torment him, taken with eating a Serjeant's Soul en *Fricassée*, for his Breakfast: And therefore you may believe that which *Nicolas de Lyra* saith upon that place of the *Psalter*, where it is written, *Et Og Regem Basan*; that the said *Og* being yet little, was

so strong and robustious, that they were faine to bind him with Chains of Iron in his Cradle. Thus continued *Pantagruel* for a while very calm and quiet, for he was not able so easily to break those Chains, especially having no room in the Cradle to give a swing with his Arms. But see what happened; Once upon a great Holiday, that his Father *Gargantua* made a sumptuous Banquet to all the Princes of his Court: I am apt to believe, that the Menial Officers of the House were so imbusied in waiting each on his proper Service at the Feast, that no body took care of poor *Pantagruel*, who was left a *reclorum*, behind-hand all alone, and as forsaken. What did he? Heark what he did, good People; he strove and essayed to break the Chains of the Cradle with his Arms, but could not, for they were too strong for him; then did he keep with his Feet such a stamping Stir, and so long, that at last he beat out the lower end of his Cradle, which notwithstanding was made of a great Post five Foot in square; and as soon as he had gotten out his Feet, he slid down as well as he could, till he had got his Soles to the Ground; and then with a mighty force he rose up, carrying his Cradle upon his Back, bound to him like a Tortoise that crawls up against a Wall; and to have seen him, you would have thought it had been a great Carrick of five hundred Tun upon one end. In this manner he entred into the great Hall, where they

were banqueting, and that very boldly, which did much afright the Company; yet because his Arms were tied in, he could not reach any thing to eat, but with great Pain stopped now and then a little, to take with the whole flat of his Tongue some Lick, good Bit or Morsel.

Which when his Father saw, he knew well enough that they had left him without giving him any thing to eat, and therefore commanded that he should be loosed from the said Chains, by the Counsel of the Princes and Lords there present: Besides that, also the Physicians of *Gargantua* said, that if they did thus keep him in the Cradle, he would be all his Life-time subject to the Stone. When he was unchain'd, they made him to sit down, where after he had fed very well, he took his Cradle and broke it into more than five hundred thousand pieces with one Blow of his Fist that he struck in the midst of it, swearing that he would never come into it again.

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### CHAP. V.

*Of the Acts of the noble Pantagruel in his youthful Age.*

**T**HUS grew *Pantagruel* from day to day, and to every ones Eye waxed more and more in all his Dimensions, which made his Father



Father to rejoyce by a natural Affection; therefore caused he to be made for him, whilst he was yet little, a pretty Cross-bow, where-with to shoot at small Birds, which now they call the great Cross-bow at *Chamelle*. Then he sent him to the School to learn, and to spend his Youth in Vertue: in the Prosecution of which Design he came first to *Pailhars*, where, as he studied and profited very much, he saw that the Scholars were oftentimes idle, and knew not how to bestow their Time, which moved him to take such Compassion on them, that one day he took from a long Ledge of Rocks (called there *Passelourdin*) a huge great Stone, of about twelve Fathom square, and fourteen Handfuls thick, and with great Ease set it upon four Pillars in the midst of a Field to no other end, but that the said Scholars when they had nothing else to do, might pass their time in getting up on that Stone, and seat it with store of Gammons, Pistols and Flaggons, and carve their Names upon it with a Knife, in token of which Deed, till this hour the Stone is called the *lified Stone*: and in remembrance hereof there is none entered into the Register and *Matricular* Book of the said University, or accounted capable of taking any Degree therein, till he have first drunk in the *Caballine* Fountain of *Croustelles*, passed at *Passelourdin*, and got up upon the *lified Stone*.

Afterwards reading the delectable Chronicles of his Ancestors, he found that *Jafrey* of *Lusignan*, called *Jafrey* with the *great Tooth*, Grandfather to the Cousin-in-Law of the eldest Sister of the Aunt of the Son-in-Law of the Uncle of the good Daughter of his Stepmother, was interred at *Maillezais*; therefore he took a *Play-day* to pay his Respects to him in a Visit; and going from *Poitiers* with some of his Companions, they passed by the *Guye*, visiting the noble Abbot *Ardillon*: then by *Lusignan*, by *Sanfay*, by *Celles*, by *Coatanges*, by *Fontenay* the *Conte*, saluting the learned *Tiraguean*, and from thence arrived at *Maillezais*, where he went to see the Sepulchre of the said *Jafrey* with the *great Tooth*, which made him somewhat afraid, looking upon the Portraiture, representing a Man in an extream Fury, drawing his great *Malchus* Faulchion half way out of his Scabbard. When the reason hereof was demanded, the Chanons of the said Place told him that there was no other cause of it, but that *Pictoribus usque Poetis*, &c. that is to say, that Painters and Poets have liberty to paint and devise what they list after their own Fancy: but he was not satisfied with their Answer, and said, He is not thus painted without a cause; and I suspect that at his Death there was some Wrong done him, whereof he requireth his Kindred to take Revenge; I will enquire further into it, and then do what shall be reasonable: then

he returned not to *Perthiers*, but would take a view of the other Universities of France; therefore going to *Rachel*, he took Shipping and arrived at *Bordeaux*, where he found no great Diversion, only now and then he would see some Mariners and Lightermen a wrestling on the Key or Strand by the River side. From thence he came to *Toulouse*, where he learned to dance very well, and to play with the *im-banded Sword*, as the fashion of the Scholars of the said University is. But he staid not long there, when he saw that they did cause burn their *Regents* alive, like *Red-herring*, saying, Now God forbid that I should die this Death, for I am by Nature sufficiently *dry* already, without being *heated* any further.

He went then to *Montpellier*, where he met with the good Wives of *Adieuville*, and good jovial Company withal; and thought to have set himself to the study of *Physick*; but he considered that that Calling was too troublesome and melancholy, and that *Physicians* did smell of *Glisters* like old Devils: therefore he resolved he would study the *Laws*; but seeing that there were but three scald, and one bald-pated *Legist* in that place, he departed from thence, and in his way made the Bridge of *Gard*, and the *Amphitheater* of *Nema* in less than three hours, which nevertheless seems to be more than mortal Man could do. After that he came to *Avignon*, where he was not above three days before he fell in

for; for the Women there take great delight in playing at the close Buttock-Game, because it is *Papal Ground*; which his Tutor *Epistemon* perceiving, he drew him out of that place and brought him to *Valence* in the *Dauphinee*, where he saw no great matter of Recreation, only that the *Lubards* of the Town did beat the *Scholars*; which so incensed him with Anger, that when upon a certain very fair Sunday, the People bring at their publick dancing in the Streets, and one of the *Scholars* offering to put himself into the Ring, the *Bumkins* would not let him: wherupon *Panurguel* taking the Scholar's part, so belaboured them with Blows, and laid such load upon them that he drove them all before him, even to the Brink of the River *Rhosne*, and would have there drowned them, but that they did squat to the Ground, and there lay close a full half League under the River. The Hole is to be seen there yet.

After that he departed from thence, and in three Scides and one Leap came to *Angiers*, where he found himself very well, and would have continued there some space, but that the Plague drove them away. So from thence he came to *Bourges*, where he studied a good long time, and profited very much in the Faculty of the *Law*; and would sometimes say, that *Law-Books* were like *wonderful rich Cloth of Gold*, edged with *Fur*; for in the World are no goodlier Books to be

seen,

seen, more ornate, nor more eloquent than the *Texts* of the *Pandects*; but the bordering of them, that is to say, the *Gloss* of *Accursius*, is so vile, mean and scandalous, that it is nothing but *Dirt* and *Excrement*.

Going from *Bourges*, he came to *Orléans*, where he found store of sparkish *Scholars*, that made him great *Entertainment* at his coming, and with whom he learned to play at *Tennis* so well, that he was a *Master* at that *Game*; for the *Students* there are excellent at it. And sometimes they carried him unto *Cyprian's* *Gardens*, there to recreate his *Person* at the *Poussevant*, or *In* and *In*. As for breaking his *Head* with over-much study, he had an especial care not to do it in any case for fear of spoiling his *Eyes*; which he the rather observed, for that one of the *Regents* there had often in his *Lectures* maintained, that nothing could be so hurtful to the sight, as to have sore *Eyes*. So one day, when a *Scholar* of his *Acquaintance* (who had of *Learning* not much more than his *Brethren*, tho' instead of that he could dance very well, and play at *Tennis*) was made a *Licentiate* in *Law*, he blazon'd the *Licentiates* of that *University* in this manner:

In his *Hand* is always a *Racket*,  
Or else is his *Hand* in a *Placket*.  
In a *Dance* he nearly can trip it,  
In *Blaw* for *Law*, it is all in his *Tippet*.



## CHAP. VI.

*How Pantagruel met with a Limousin, who  
affected to speak in learned Phrasae.*

**U**PON a certain day, I know not when, Pantagruel walking after Supper with some of his Fellow-Students, without that Gate of the City through which we enter on the Road to Paris, encounter'd with a young spruce-like Scholar that was coming upon the same very way; and after they had saluted one another, asked him thus, My Friend, from whence comest thou now? The Scholar answered him, From the *Alme, inclyte and celebrate Academy*, which is *vegetated Lu-terra*. What is the meaning of this (said Pantagruel) to one of his *Alme*? It is (answered he) from Paris. Thou comest from Paris then (said Pantagruel) and how do you spend your time there, you my Masters the Students of Paris? The Scholar answered, We *transfrigate the Sequan at the Dilucul and Crenpuscul*; we *deambulate by the Campises and Quadrives of the Urb*; we *despumate the Lianzial Verbocination*; and like *verisimularie amoralions*; we *captat the Benevolence of the Omnijugal, Omnisform, and Omnigenal Feminine Sex*; upon certain *Discules* we *devisat the Lapanares*, and in a *superior extale inculcate*

cutteth our *Perceps*, into the penitissime *Recesses* of the *Pudends* of these *amicabilissim* *metrericules*: then do we *compansate* in the *meritory* *Taberns* of the *Pineapple*, the *Castle*, the *Adagdalene*, and the *Mule*, goodly *vervacine* *Spartes* perforaminated with *Patricile*: and if by fortune there be *Rarity*, or *penury* of *Pecunie* in our *Mar supies*: and that they be exhausted of *ferruginean* *Metal* for the *shot*, we *dimitt* our *Codices*, and *oppugner* our *Vestiments*, whilst we *prestolate* the coming of the *Tabellaries* from the *Penates*, and *patriotick* *Lanes*. To which *Pantagruel* answered, *What devilish Language is this?* by the Lord, I think thou art some kind of *Eleretick*. My Lord, No, said the Scholar; for *liberissimally* as soon as it illuocsceth any *minutelslice* of the *Day*, I *demigrate* into one of these so well *architectual* *Minsters*, and there *immurating* my self with *fair lustrish* *Water*, I *mumble* off little *parpels* of some *missick* *Breecation* of our *Sacrificult*; and *submurmuring* my *binary* *Precults*, I *elevate* and *absterge* my *anime* from its *nocturnal* *Inquinations*. I *revere* the *Olympicols*: *Elatrially* *venerate* the *supernal* *Astropotent*: I *adilige* and *redame* my *Proxims*: I observe the *decalogical* *Precepts*; and according to the *facilitatule* of my *Vires*, I do not *discede* from them one late *Omniguntle*; nevertheless it is *veriforme*, that because *Mammona* doth not *supergurgitate* any thing in my *Lacults*, that I am *somevbat* *rare* and *lens* to *superstrogate* the *Eleemosyne*

to those *Egents*, that *boastfully* *querie* at their *ships*.

But, tut, (said *Pantagruel*) what doth this Fool mean to say? I think he is upon the forging of some *diabolical* Tongue, and that Inchanterlike he would abuse us. To whom one of his Men said, Without doubt (Sir) this Fellow would counterfeit the Language of the *Parisians*, but he doth only slay the *Latin*, imagining by so doing that he doth highly *Pindarize* it in most eloquent Terms, and strongly conceiteth himself to be therefore a great Orator in the *French*, because he disdaineth the common manner of speaking. To which *Pantagruel* said, Is it true? The *Scholar* answered, My worshipful Lord, my *Genie* is not apter to that which this *flagitious* *Nebuchadnezzar* saith, to exorcise the *Tuticle* of our verbiacular *Gallick*, but universally *Ignave* spirit, and by words and *names* *emile* to *depopulate* it, with the *Latinitie* redundance. By *Genie* (said *Pantagruel*) I will teach you to speak: But first come hither, and tell me whence thou art? To this the *Scholar* answered: The *primordial* Origin of my *skies* and *skaves*, was indigenous of the *Lemovick* Regions, where *requiseth* the *Corpor* of the *Flagionat* *St. Martin*. I understand thee very well (said *Pantagruel*) when all comes to all, thou art a *Limousin*, and thou wilt here by thy affected Speech counterfeit the *Parisians*. Well now, come hither, I must shew thee a new Trick, and

and handfomly give thee the *Combsent*. With this he took him by the Throat, saying to him, Thou *slayest* the *Latin*; by *St. John* I will make thee *slay* the *Fox*; for I will now *slay* thee alive. Then began the poor *Limousin* to cry; Haw, good Maister, haw, Lord, my *Halp*, and *St. Marshaw*, haw, I'm worried: haw, my *Throopple*, the *Beau* of me *Enagg* is bruck: haw, for *Gnards* sock, haw, me *lean*, *Mawster*; *haw*, *haw*, *haw*. Now (said *Pantagruel*) thou speakest naturally, and so let him go: for the poor *Limousin* had totally berayed, and thoroughly confliit his *Breeches*, which were not deep and large, but made *à queue de morlue*. Then (said *Pantagruel*) *St. Alipantim*, what civette? *Poh, fob*, to the Devil with this *Turnep-Eater*. How he stinks? and so let him go. But this *Hug* of *Pantagruel*'s was such a *Terror* to him all the Days of his Life, and he had such a *Thirst* upon him, that he would often cry out, that *Pantagruel* held him by the Throat. And after some few Yeats he died of the *Death-Roland*, a Work of *Divine Vengeance*, shewing us that which saith the *Philosopher*, and *Aulus Gellius*, that it becometh us to speak according to the common Language; and that we should (as said *Othavian Augustus*) shun all strange Words, with as much Care, as *Pilots* of Ships avoid the *Rocks* in the Sea.

## C H A P. VII.

*How Pantagruel came to Paris, and of the choice  
Books of the Library of St. Victor.*

**A**fter that *Pantagruel* had studied very well at *Orleans*, he resolved to see the great University of *Paris*; but before his Departure, he was informed that there was a huge big Bell at *St. Arian*, in the said Town of *Orleans*, under the Ground, which had been there above two hundred and fourteen Years; for it was so great that they could not by any device get it so much as above the Ground, although they used all the means that are found in *Varronius de Architectura*, *Albertus de re edificatoria*, *Euclid*, *Theon*, *Archimedes*, and *Hero de ingemis*: for all that was to no purpose. Wherefore condescending heartily to the humble Request of the Citizens and Inhabitants of the said Town, he determined to remove it to the Tower that was erected for it. With that he came to the Place where it was, and lifted it out of the Ground with his little Finger, as easily as you would have done a Hawk's Bell: But before he would carry it to the foresaid Tower, he would needs make some Musick with it about the Town, and ring it alongst all the Streets, as he carried it in his Hand; wherewith all the People were very



very glad : but there happened one great Inconveniency ; for with carrying it for and ringing it about the Streets, all the good *Orleans* Wine turned instantly, and was spoiled ; which no Body there did perceive till the Night following : for every Man found himself so a dry with drinking these flat Wines, that they did nothing but spit, and that as white as *Maltha* Cotton, saying, We have got the *Panta-gruel*, and our very *Throats* are salted.

This done, he came to *Paris* with his Retinue, and at his entry every one came out to see him, (as you know well enough, that the People of *Paris* are Sots by Nature, by *B flat*, and *B sharp*) and beheld him with great Astonishment, mixed with no less Fear, that he would carry away the Palace into some other Country *à remotis*, as his Father formerly had done the great Bells at our *Ladies* Church, to tie about his *Mare's* Neck. Now after he had stayed there a pretty space, and studied very well in all the seven Liberal Arts, he said it was a good Town to live in, but not to die there ; for that the Grave-digging Rogues of *St. Innocent*, used in frosty Nights to warm their Bums with dead Mens Bones. In his abode there, he found the Library of *St. Wisard*, very magnificent, especially in some Books which were there, of which followeth the Catalogue : *Et primo,*

The *for* Godfakes of Salvation  
 The *Keypies* of the Law  
 The *Ship-fires* of the Decretals  
 The *Pennetrants* of Vice  
 The *Clew-bottoms* of Theology  
 The *Duster* or *Flax-stall-flap* of Preachers, Com-  
 posed by *Tundapin*  
 The *churning* *Ballack* of the Valiant  
 The *Henbane* of the Bishops  
*Marmoretus de bahoenis & apia, cum Commen-*  
*to de Dornbellis.*  
*Decretum Universitatis Parisiensis super gongio-*  
*stite mulieritatem ad placitum.*  
 The Apparition of *Sainte Galtrud* to a Nun of  
*Boissie*, being intravel, late he bringing forth  
 of a Child  
*Abbas sancti sartandi in societate, per Marcum*  
*Corvinum.*  
 The *Mustard-pot* of Penance  
 The *Gambus*, alias the *Boys* of *Patience*  
*Formicarium Artium.*  
*De brodiarum usu, & honestate Chopinandi,*  
*per Sylvestrum prioratrem Jacobinam.*  
 The *Coofened*, or *Gulled* in Court  
 The *Fruil* of the *Scrivners*  
 The *Mowing* *parlet*  
 The *Gracia*, or *Crucible* of *Contemplation*  
 The *Flinstams* of the Law  
 The *Prickle* of Wine  
 The *Spurre* of Cheefe  
*Ratoffagorium scolarium.*

*Tartareus de modo cacandi.*

The *Bravades* of Rome.

*Bricot de differentiis soupærum.*

The *Tail-piece Cushion*, or *Clase-Breach* of Discipline.

The *cobbled Shoe* of Humility.

The *Trevel* of good Thoughts.

The *Kettle* of Magnanimity.

The *savilling Intanglements* of Confession.

The *Knachfars* of the Curates.

*Reverendi patris fratris Lubini provincialis Bavardias, de crequendis, lardonibus libri tres.*

*Pasquilli doctoris marmorei de capreolis cum chardoneta comedendis tempore Papali ab Ecclesia interdicto.*

The *Invention* of the *Holy Craft*, personated by six wilie Priests.

The *Spectacles* of Pilgrims bound for Rome.

*Majoris de modo faciendi Puddinos.*

The *Bag-pipe* of the Prelates.

*Beda de upmitate tripærum.*

The *Complaint* of the *Barresters* upon the Reformation of Confit.

The *furred Cat* of the *Solicitors* and *Attorneys*.

*Of Pease and Bacon cum Commento.*

The *small Vales*, or *drinking Money* of the *Indulgences*.

*Præclarissimi juris utriusque Doctoris Ministre pillori, &c.*

*Raque dinari de bobelinandis glossæ cursiva*

*Triflis repetitio enucledoluculissima.*

*Stratagemata francharchari de Bapiolet.*

*Carlumpkinus de re militari, cum figuris Tevoti.*

*De usu & utilitate stayandi equos & equas, auctore Magistro nostro de quebecu.*

*The Sawciness of Country-Stuarts.*

*M. N. Rostocostojan Bedaness de mustarda post prandium servienda, libri quatuordecim apostillati, per M. Vaturillonis.*

*The Covillage or Ballock-Money of Pronooters.*

*Quaestio subtilissima, utrum Chimera in vacuo bombistans posset comedere secundas intentiones, & fuit debatur per decem hebdomadas in Consilio Constantienti.*

*The Bridle-chamber of the Advocates. Smutchudlamenta Scoti.*

*The Rasping and hard Scraping of the Cardinals. De calcaribus removendis Decades undecim, per M. Albericum de rosata.*

*Ejusdem de castramentandis criminibus, libri tres.*

*The entrance of Antonie de leve into the Territories of Brasil.*

*Marforii Bacalaris cubantis Roma, de peelandis aut unskinnandis blurrandisque Cardinalium malis.*

*The said Author's Apology against those who alledg that the Popes Mule doth eat but à ses Hours.*

*Prognosticatio quae incipit Silvestriquo-billobalala, per M. N. Longecornison.*

Bondarini Episcopi de emulgentiarum profectibus Æneades novem, cum privilegio Papali ad triennium & postea non.

The Shitabranna of the Maids.

The bald Arse of the Widows.

The Cowle or Capouch of the Monks.

The mumbling Brimborions of the Cælestine Friars.

The Passage-toll of Beggarliness.

The Teeth-chatter or Gum-didder of lubberly Lusks.

The Paring-shovel of the Theologues.

The Drench-born of the Masters of Arts.

The Soullians of Olean the uninitiated Clerk.

Magistri N. Fripe saucetis de grabellationibus horarum canonicarum libri quadraginta. Culle butatorium confratriarum, incerto auctore.

The Rasber of Cormorants.

The Rammishness of the Spaniards, supergi-vure-gondigaded by Friar Indigo.

The Muttring of pitiful Wretches.

Paltronismus rerum italicarum, auctore Magistro Burnegad.

R. Lullius de batisfolagis Principum.

Calibistratorum gaffardie, auctore M. Jacobo.

Hocstraten hereticometra.

Codtickler de magistro nostrandorum magistra nostratorumque beneventi libri octo galantissimi.

The Crackgrades of Bullists, Copists, Scriveners, Clerks, Abbreviators, Notaries, and Reporters, lately compiled by Regis.



# 46 RABELAIS's Book II.

A perpetual Almanack for those that have the  
Gout and the Pox.

*Manera sweepandi fornascellos, per Mag. Ec-  
ciam.*

The Shable or Cimeterre of Merchants.

The Pleasures of the Masackal Life.

The Hotch-pot of Hypocrites.

The History of the Hobgoblins.

The ragamuffanism of the pensionary main-  
ed Souldiers.

The gulling Fibs of Commissaries.

The Litter of Treasurers.

The Fuglingatorium of Sophisters.

*Antiperica metaaparcheged amplissatones  
Aerdicantiam.*

The Periwinkle of Ballad-makers.

The Push-forward of the Alchemists.

The Niddy Naddy of the Sachel-loaded Seck-  
ers, by Friar Brindastatic.

The Shackles of Religion.

The Racket of Swag-waggers.

The Leaning-stock of old Age.

The muzzle of Nobility.

The Apes *pater noster*.

The Crickets and Hawks-Bells of Devotion.

The Pot of the Ember-weeks.

The Mortar of the politick Life.

The Flap of the Hermites.

The Riding-load of the Penitentiaries.

The Trillado of the knocking Friars.

Blockheadodous *de vna & bonis et braggdo-  
chiorum*

Ly-

Chap. VIII. MOYSE

Lyrrippii Sorbonici moralis arboris per M. L.  
poldum.

The Carrier of the Bills of Travellers.

The Ribbings of the ripling Bishops.

Terrabilijones Doctorum Colonicalium ver-  
sus Reuclin.

The Cymbals of Ladies.

The Dungen martingale.

Whirling frickorum Chusemartyrum per J.  
trem Cruckwoodlagubins.

The clouted Patches of a Stout Heart.

The Mummy of the Robinhood-fellow.

Gerson de auferibilitate Papae & Ecclesiae.

The Catalogue of the nominated and graduat-  
ed Persons.

Jos Dyrecedit ad cariditatem & inciniditatio-  
nem libellum ucephalon.

Ingeniositas invocantibus libellum de dubitatione  
M. Guingolphum.

The Gallimafrée of the perpetually begging  
Friars.

The Morris-dance of the Hereticks.

The Whinnings of the Caper.

Madellinowt Doctorum chorabidi ad originem pedu-  
footedarum & wryneckedorum libri  
septem.

Sixty nine fat Breviaries.

The Myrth-Mare of the five Orders of Beg-  
gars.

The Skinnery of the new State-ups exalted  
out of the fallow Buck,  
upon in the Summe Anglica.

The

The Raver in Cases of Conscience.  
 The fat Belly of the Presidents.  
 The bawling Flooter of the Abbots.  
 Sutoris adversus illum qui pederat at eum frippe-  
 norem, & quid fripponem non sunt danti  
 nati ab Ecclesia.  
 Cacatorium medicorum.  
 The Chimney-sweeper of Astrology.  
 Campi chysteri per paragraph.  
 The Bumsquibcracker of Apothecaries.  
 The Kiss-brach of Chirurgery.  
 Justitiane de phialepericis offendis.  
 Antidatione animae.  
 Merlinus Cocaius de parva diabolorum.

Of which Library some Books are already  
 printed, and the rest are now at the Press, in  
 this noble City of Tubing.

CHAP. VIII.

How Pantagruel being at Paris, received Let-  
 ters from his Father Gargantua, and the  
 Copy of them.

Pantagruel studied very hard, as you may  
 well conceive, and profited accordingly, for  
 he had an excellent Understanding, and  
 notable Wit, together with a Capacitie in Mem-  
 mory, equal to the measure of twelve Oil-  
 Budgets, or Burs of Olives. And as he was  
 there

there abiding one Day, he received a Letter from his Father in manner as followeth,

*Most dear Son,*

‘ Amongst the Gifts, Graces and Prerogatives with which the Sovereign *Plasmat* God Almighty hath endowed and adorned Human Nature at the beginning, that seems to me most singular and excellent, by which we may in a mortal Estate attain to a kind of Immortality, and in the Course of this transitory Life perpetuate our Name and Seed; which is done by a Progeny issued from us in the lawful Bonds of Matrimony: whereby that, in some measure, is restored unto us, which was taken from us by the Sin of our first Parents; to whom it was said, that because they had not obeyed the Commandment of God their Creator, they should die, and by Death should be brought to nought that so stately Frame and *Plasmature*, wherein the Man at first had been created.

‘ But by this means of seminal Propagation, which continueth in the Children what was lost in the Parents, and in the Grand-children that which perished in their Fathers, and so successively until the Day of the last Judgment, when *Jesús Christ* shall have rendred up to God the Father his Kingdom in a peaceable Condition, out of all Danger and Contamination of Sin: for then shall cease all Generations and Corruptions, and the Ele-

'ments leave off their continual Transmutati-  
 'ons; seeing the so much desired Peace shall  
 'be attained unto and enjoyed, and that all  
 'things shall be brought to their End and Pe-  
 'riod. And therefore not without just and rea-  
 'sonable cause do I give thanks to God my  
 'Saviour and Preserver, for that he hath in-  
 'abled me to see my bald old Age flourish in  
 'thy Youth: for when at his good Pleasure,  
 'who rules and governs all things, my Soul  
 'shall leave this mortal Habitation; I shall  
 'not account my self wholly to die, but to  
 'pass from one place unto another: Consi-  
 'dering that in and by that, I continue in my  
 'visible Image living in the World, visiting  
 'and conversing with People of Honour, and  
 'other my good Friends, as I was wont to do.  
 'Which Conversation of mine, although it was  
 'not without Sin, (because we are all of us  
 'Trespasers, and therefore ought continually  
 'to beseech his Divine Majesty, to blot out  
 'Transgressions out of his Memory) yet was  
 'it by the Help and Grace of God, without all  
 'manner of reproach before Men.

'Wherefore if those Qualities of the Mind  
 'but shine in thee, wherewith I am endowed,  
 'as in thee remaineth the perfect Image of my  
 'Body, thou wilt be esteemed by all Men to be  
 'the perfect Guardian and Treasure of the Im-  
 'mortality of our Name: but if otherwise, I  
 'shall truly take but small pleasure to see it,  
 'considering that the lesser part of me, which  
 'is



is the Body, would abide in thee: and the best, to wit, that which is the Soul, and by which our Name continues blessed amongst Men, would be degenerate and abastardized. This I do not speak out of any distrust that I have of thy Vertue, which I have heretofore already tried, but to encourage thee yet more earnestly to proceed from good to better. And that which I now write unto thee, is not so much that thou shouldest live in this virtuous Course, as that thou shouldest rejoice in so living and having lived, and cheer up thy self with the like Resolution in time to come. To the Prosecution and Accomplishment of which Enterprize and generous Undertaking, thou mayest easily remember how that I have spared nothing, but have so helped thee, as if I had had no other Treasure in this World, but to see thee once in my Life compleatly well bred and accomplished, as well in Vertue, Honesty and Valour, as in all liberal Knowledge and Civility: and so to leave thee after my Death, as a Mirror, representing the Person of me thy Father; and if not so excellent, and such *indeed* as I do with thee, yet such in *Desire*.

But although my deceased Father, of happy Memory, *Grangousier*, had bent his best Endeavours to make me profit in all Perfection and Political Knowledge, and that my Labour and Study was fully correspondent to, yea, went beyond his Desire; nevertheless, as

' thou mayest well understand, the time then  
 ' was not so proper and fit for Learning as it is  
 ' at present, neither had I plenty of such good  
 ' Masters as thou hast had: for that time was  
 ' darksom, obscured with Clouds of Ignorance,  
 ' and savouring a little of the Infelicity and Ca-  
 ' lamity of the *Gothes*, who had, where-ever  
 ' they set footing, destroyed all good Literature,  
 ' which in my Age hath by the Divine Good-  
 ' ness been restored unto its former Light  
 ' and Dignity, and that with such Amend-  
 ' ment and Increase of Knowledg, that now  
 ' hardly should I be admitted unto the first  
 ' Form of the little Grammar School-Boys:  
 ' I say, I, who in my youthful days was (and  
 ' that justly) reputed the most Learned of that  
 ' Age. Which I do not speak in vain-boasting,  
 ' although I might lawfully do it in writing  
 ' unto thee, by the Authority of *Marcus Tul-*  
 ' *lius*, in his Book of *Old Age*, and the Sen-  
 ' tence of *Plutarch*, in the Book, intituled,  
 ' *How a Man may praise himself without Envy*:  
 ' but to give thee an emulous Encouragement  
 ' to strive yet further.

' Now is it that the Minds of Men are qua-  
 ' lified with all manner of Discipline, and the  
 ' old Sciences revived, which for many Ages  
 ' were extinct: Now it is that the learned Lan-  
 ' guages are to their pristine Purity restored,  
 ' viz. *Greek*, (without which a Man may be  
 ' ashamed to account himself a Scholar) *He-*  
 ' *brew*, *Arabick*, *Chaldean* and *Latin*. *Prim-*  
ing

ing likewise is now in use, so elegant, and so correct, that better cannot be imagined, although it was found out but *in my time* by *Divine Inspiration*; as by a *Diabolical Suggestion*, on the other side, was the Invention of *Ordnance*. All the World is full of knowing Men, of most learned School-masters, and vast Libraries: and it appears to me as a Truth, that neither in *Plato's* time, nor *Cicero's*, nor *Papinian's*, there was ever such conveniency for Studying, as we see at this Day there is. Nor must any adventure henceforward to come in publick, or represent himself in Company, that hath not been pretty well polished in the Shop of *Minerva*. I see Robbers, Hangmen, Free-booters, Tapsters, Officers, and such like, of the very Rubbish of the People, more learned now, than the *Doctors* and *Preachers* were in my time.

What shall I say? The very Women and Children have aspired to this Praise and Celestial *Manna* of good Learning: Yet so it is, that in the Age I am now of, I have been constrained to learn the *Greek* Tongue, which I contemned not like *Cato*, but had not the Leisure in my younger Years to attend the Study of it. And I take much delight in the reading of *Plutarch's* Morals, the pleasant Dialogues of *Plato*, the Monuments of *Pausanias*, and the Antiquities of *Athenaeus*, whilst I wait the Hour wherein God my Creator shall call me, and command me to depart

from this Earth and transitory Pilgrimage.  
Wherefore (my Son) I admonish thee, to  
employ thy Youth to profit as well as thou  
canst, both in thy Studies and in Vertue.  
Thou art at *Paris*, where the laudable Ex-  
amples of many brave Men may stir up  
thy Mind to gallant Actions; and hast like-  
wise for thy Tutor the Learned *Episteman*, who  
by his lively and vocal Documents may in-  
struct thee in the Arts and Sciences.

I intend, and will have it so, that thou learn  
the Languages perfectly. First of all, the  
*Greek*, as *Quintilian* will have it. Secondly,  
the *Latin*; and then the *Hebrew*, for the Holy  
Scripture-sake. And then the *Chaldee* and *A-  
rabick* likewise. And that thou frame thy stile in  
*Greek* in imitation of *Plato*; and for the *Latin*,  
after *Cicero*. Let there be no History which thou  
shalt not have ready in thy Memory; and to  
help thee therein, the Books of *Cosmography*  
will be very conducive. Of the liberal Arts  
of *Geometry*, *Arithmetick* and *Musick*, I gave  
thee some taste when thou wert yet little, and  
not above five or six Years old; proceed  
further in them, and learn the Remainder if  
thou canst. As for *Astronomy*, study all the Rules  
thereof; let pass nevertheless the divining  
and judicial *Astrology*, and the Art of *Lullie*,  
as being nothing else but plain Cheat and  
Vanities. As for the *Civil Law*, of that I would  
have thee to know the *Texts* by heart, and  
then to confer them with *Philosophy*.

Now

‘ Now in matter of the Knowledg of the  
‘ Works of *Nature*, I would have thee to stu-  
‘ dy that exactly; and that so there be no Sea,  
‘ River or Fountain, of which thou dost not  
‘ know the Fishes; all the Fowls of the Air;  
‘ all the severall kinds of Shrubs and Trees, whe-  
‘ ther in Forests or Orchards: All the Sorts of  
‘ Herbs and Flowers that grow upon the  
‘ Ground: all the various Metals that are hid  
‘ within the bowels of the Earth: together  
‘ with all the diversity of precious Stones, that  
‘ are to be seen in the *Orient* and South-parts of  
‘ the World; let nothing of all these be hidden  
‘ from thee. Then fail not most carefully to  
‘ peruse the Books of the *Greek*, *Arabian* and  
‘ *Latin* Physicians; not despising the *Talmu-*  
‘ *dists* and *Cabalists*; and by frequent Ana-  
‘ tomies get thee the perfect Knowledg of the  
‘ *Microcosm*, which is Man. And at some Hours  
‘ of the Day, apply thy Mind to the Study of the  
‘ Holy Scriptures: first in *Greek*, the New-  
‘ Testament with the Epistles of the Apostles;  
‘ and then the Old-Testament in *Hebrew*. In  
‘ brief, Let me see thee an *Abyss*, and bot-  
‘ tomless-Pit of Knowledg: for from hence-  
‘ forward, as thou growest great and becomest  
‘ a Man, thou must part from this Tranquillity  
‘ and Rest of Study: thou must learn *Chival-*  
‘ *ry*, *Warfare*, and the Exercises of the Field,  
‘ the better thereby to defend my House and our  
‘ Friends, and to succour and protect them at  
‘ all their Needs against the Invasion and Af-  
‘ faults of Evil-doers.



"Furthermore, I will that very shortly thou  
 "try how much thou hast profited, which thou  
 "canst not better do than by maintaining pub-  
 "lickly *Theses* and Conclusions in all Arts, a-  
 "gainst all Persons whatsoever, and by haun-  
 "ting the Company of learned Men, both at *Pa-*  
 "*ris* and elsewhere. But because, as the wise  
 "Man Solomon saith, *Wisdom entreateth not into*  
 "*a malicious Mind*; and that Science without  
 "Conscience is but the *Ruin of the Soul*, it  
 "behoveth thee to serve, to love, to fear God,  
 "and on him to cast all thy Thoughts and all  
 "thy Hope, and by Faith formed in Charity,  
 "to cleave unto him, so that thou mayest ne-  
 "ver be separated from him by thy Sins. Su-  
 "spect the Abuses of the World: set not thy  
 "Heart upon Vanity; for this Life is transitory,  
 "but the Word of the Lord endureth for ever.  
 "Be serviceable to all thy Neighbours, and love  
 "them as thy self: reverence thy *Preceptors*;  
 "shun the Conversation of those whom thou de-  
 "sirest not to resemble, and receive not in vain the  
 "Graces which God hath bestowed upon thee.  
 "And when thou shalt see that thou hast attained  
 "to all the Knowledg that is to be acquired in  
 "that part, return unto me, that I may see thee,  
 "and give thee my Blessing before I die. *My Son*,  
 "the Peace and Grace of our Lord be with  
 "thee. *Amen.*

From *Utopia* the 17th Day of the Month of *March*:

Thy Father *Gargantua*.

*These*

These Letters being received and read, *Pantagruel* pluck'd up his Heart, took a fresh Courage to him, and was inflamed with a Desire to profit in his Studies more than ever: so that if you had seen him, how he took Pains, and how he advanced in Learning, you would have said that the Vivacity of his Spirit amidst the Books, was like a great Fire amongst dry Wood; so active it was, vigorous and indefatigable.

## C H A P. IX.

*How Pantagruel found Panurge, whom he loved all his life-time.*

**O**Ne Day as *Pantagruel* was taking a Walk without the City, towards *St. Anthony's* Abby, discoursing and philosophating with his own Servants and some other Scholars, met with a young Man of a very comely Stature, and surpassing Handsom in all the Lineaments of his Body, but in several parts thereof most pitifully wounded; in such bad Equipage in matter of his Apparel, which was but Totters and Rags, and every way so far out of order, that he seemed to have been a fighting with Mastiff-dogs, from whose Fury he had made an Escape; or to say better, he looked, in the Condition wherein he then was, like an Apple-gatherer of the Country of *Perche*.

As far off as *Pantagruel* saw him, he said to those that stood by, Do you see that Man there, who is a coming hither upon the Road from *Charanton-Bridg*? by my Faith, he is only poor in Fortune; for I may assure you; that by his *Physiognomy* it appeareth, that Nature hath extracted him from some rich and noble Race, and that too much Curiosity hath thrown him upon Adventures, which possibly have reduced him to this Indigence, Want and Penury. Now as he was just amongst them, *Pantagruel* said unto him, Let me intreat you (*Friend*) that you may be pleased to stop here a little, and answer me to that which I shall ask you, and I am confident you will not think your Time ill bestowed: for I have an extream Desire (according to my Ability) to give you some Supply in this Distress wherein I see you are; because I do very much commiserate your case, which truly moves me to great pity: Therefore (*my Friend*) tell me, Who you are? whence you come? whither you go? what you desire? and what your Name is? The *Companion* answered him in the *Dutch* Tongue, thus:

*Tunker Gott geb euch gluck und heil; swar lieber junker, ich las euch wissen das dar mich wungrast, ist ein arm und erbarmlich ding, und wer wol darvon Zusagen welches euch verdrusslich Zucoran, und mer zuerzelen wen, wiewol die Poeten und Oratores vorzeiten habengesagt in item spricken: und sentenzen das die gedecht-*

*aus der ellende und armen vortangs erlitten, ist ein grosser lust.* My Friend (said Pantagruel) I have no skill in that *Gibberish* of yours; therefore, if you would have us to understand you, speak to us in some other Language: then did the Drole answer him thus.

*Albarildin gotsano dechminbrin alabo dor-*  
*dis falbroth ninguam albaras; nin portheadi-*  
*kin almucatin milke prin alelmin en thothe dal-*  
*leben ensuim: kuthim alidum alkaim nimbroth*  
*deethoth porth min michais im endoch, pruch dal*  
*maifulum hol moth danfribim lupaldus im vol-*  
*democh. Nim hur diavoth mnarbotim dal*  
*gousch palfrafin duth imfcoth pruch galeth dal*  
*ehinon min foulchrich al conin bushathen doth*  
*dal prim.* Do you understand none of this; said Pantagruel to the Company? I believe (said Epistemon) that this is the Language of the *Antipodes*, and such a hard one that the Devil himself knows not what to make of it. Then, said Pantagruel, Gossip, I know not if the Walls do comprehend the Meaning of your words, but none of us here doth so much as understand one Syllable of them: Then said my Blade again,

*Signor mio voi vedete per effempio che la*  
*cornemusa non suona mai, se non ha il ventre pi-*  
*eno: così io parimente non vi so contrare le mie*  
*fortune, se prima il tribulato ventre non ha la*  
*solita refectiōe: alquale è avviso che le mani*  
*e li denti abbi perso il loro ordine naturale, e del*  
*tutto annichilati.* To which Epistemon answered

swered as much of the one as of the other, and nothing of either. Then said Panurge;

‘My Lord, if the Generosity of your Mind be suitable to your Body, you would naturally have pity of me. For Nature made us equal: But Fortune has exalted some, and other some has depressed. Nevertheless, though Vertue is despised, and worthy Men depressed; yet till the end none can be pronounced happy. Yet less said Pantagruel: Then said my jolly Panurge;

*Joma andie gaussa gouffy etan beharda er remedio beharde vel sela ysser landa. Anbar es on toy yes nausu ey uessassu gourray propposiam ordinden. Non yssena baye facheria egave gen herassy badaa sadassu noua assia: Aram han davan gaulde cydassu nydassuna estou onssye ecuin au souxy bin er darstur a eguy harm: Genicoa plasat vada.* Are you there (said Endemon) Genicoa? To this (said Carpalin), St. Trinian's Rammer unstitch your Bum, for I had almost understood it. Then answered Panurge;

*Prug fresh frinst sorgdmand strochdi di hds pag breleland gravois chevyni pomardiere rustik pkalldrag devinier a pras. Nays; beville balmuch monach drupp det meupplift rincq; drind dodelp up dreut lach mine strincq jald de vins ders cardelus bur jockt strampenards.* Do you speak Christian, (said Epistemon) or the Gypsy Language? Nay it is all Banter, said another. Then said Panurge;

*... which of ...*  
**Be**



Her re je spreke andeers gheen taels dan ker-  
sten taels my dunc nocoans, al en seg je mer  
een uord, mynen noot velact glenouch bbat re  
beglere gheest my myt bet mhet rieheye yet waer  
en je ghevoet mach zunch: To which answered  
Pantagrue, as much of that. Then said Pa-  
nurge;

Señnor de tanto hablar yo soy cansado, porque  
supplico a vnestra excellencia que mire a los pre-  
ceptos Evangelicos, para que ellos muevan vñ-  
estra excellencia a lo que es de consciencia, y si  
ellos no bastaren para mo ver vñesa excellencia  
apiedad, supplico que mire a la piedad natural,  
laqual yo creo que le moua, como es de raxon,  
y concesso, no digo mas? Truly (my Friend)  
I doubt not but you can speak diuers Langua-  
ges; but tell us that which you would have  
us to do for you in some Tongue, which you  
conceive we may understand. Then said the  
Companion;

Myn her, reendog ieg met ingen tunge talsde  
lyge som boen, seg usk wlig creatuer: mine  
eloe bon och wy me legions mager heb xv duy-  
fer alliguck lalig bwad cyng mog mteft behoff  
viteres somaer fandeligh mad och dryck: bwar  
for forbar me rogam lyder offuer meg och besaek  
argyffua meg nogeth off baylketieg kad styne  
myns groendes mach lygerufs som mand Cer-  
bero en Souppesfor setikr: son sehal sue laeffue  
leng ocky saligeth. I think really (said Eust-  
henes) that the Gothespoken thus of old: and  
that, if it pleased God, we would all of us  
speak

ſpeak ſo with our Tails. Then again ſaid Pan-  
nurge :

*Adon ſeotem leſhai in iſchar harob hal heb-  
deca bimcherah thiché li kkar lehem : chan-  
char ublaah aldonaicho néral.* To which an-  
ſwered Epistemon, At this time have I under-  
ſtood him very well ; for it is the Hebrew  
Tongue moſt Rhetorically pronounced. Then  
again ſaid the Gallant ;

*Eufia garrancei monon loguſin bima pragma-  
ta (ham perſi emphibetumen) me prophoros epi-  
phenete :* What ? (ſaid Carpalim, Pantagrueſ's  
Foot-man) it is Greek, I have underſtood him ;  
and how ? haſt thou dwelt any while in Greece ?  
Then ſaid the Drole again :

*Agoubu dont ouffys vous deſdaignez algarou :  
non denſaron xamiſt vous mariften ulbrou,  
ſouſſuez woubrol iam bredaguez manpreton  
den gualhouſt daguez daguez non croupps ſoſt  
bardonnoffiſt nougron : agou paſſen ſol nat-  
brol praſſys bouren laſ ſebatamou, prau debou-  
guys brol pany gouden baſcrou paudouſ cagnouſ  
gouſfrenoul ouſtatouppaſſou ?* Methinks I un-  
derſtand him (ſaid Pantagrueſ) ; for either it  
is the Language of my Country of Utopia, or  
ſounds very like it. And as he was about to have  
begun ſome Argument, the Companion ſaid :

*Fam taries vos per ſueta, per que dros de aſqua  
omnes obſectati ſum, ne ſi qua vos pietas per-  
mover, egeſtatem meam ſoluerimini nec hiſum  
proſicio clamans Et ejulans : ſi nite, queſo, ſi  
nite, viri impii, que ita fat a vocant abite : nec  
ultra*

*ultra vanis vestris interpellationibus obauda-  
tis, memores veteris illius adagii, quo venter  
famelicus auriculis cavere dicitur.* Well, my  
Friend, (said *Pantagruel*) but cannot you  
speak *French*? That I can do (Sir) very well,  
(said the Companion) God be thanked: it is  
my Natural Language and Mother-Tongue;  
for I was born and bred in my younger  
Years in the Garden of *France*, to wit, *Ten-  
raine*. Then (said *Pantagruel*) tell us what is  
your Name, and from whence you are come;  
for by my Faith, I have already stamped in  
my Mind such a deep Impression of Love to-  
wards you, that if you will condescend unto  
my Will, you shall not depart out of my Com-  
pany, and you and I shall make up another  
Couple of Friends, such as *Aeneas* and *Achilles*  
were. Sir, (said the Companion) my true and  
proper *Christian* Name is *Panurge*; and now I  
come out of *Turky*, to which Country I was  
carried away Prisoner at that time, when they  
went to *Metelin* with a Mischief: And wil-  
lingly would I relate unto you my Fortunes,  
which are more wonderful than those of *U-  
lysses* were; but seeing that it pleaseth you to  
retain me with you, I most heartily accept of  
the Offer, promising never to leave you,  
should you go to all the Devils in Hell. We  
shall have therefore more Leisure at another  
time, and a fitter Opportunity, wherein to re-  
port them; for at this present I am in a very  
urgent necessity to feed, my Teeth are sharp,  
my

my Belly empty, my Throat dry, and my Stomach fierce and burning; all is ready, if you will but set me to work: It will be as good as a *Balsamum* for sore Eyes, to see me gulch and raven it; for God's sake give order for it. Then *Pantagruel* commanded that they should carry him home, and provide him good store of Victuals; which being done, he ate very well that Evening, and (Capon-like) went early to Bed, then slept until Dinner-time the next Day; so that he made but three Steps and one Leap from the Bed to the Board.

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### CHAP. X.

*How Pantagruel decided a Cause which was wonderfully intricate and obscure: whereby he was reputed to have a most admirable Judgment.*

**P***antagruel* very well remembering his Father's Letter and Admonitions, would one Day make trial of his Knowledge. Thereupon, in all the *Carrefours*, Streets and Corners of the City, he set up *Conclusions* to the number of nine thousand seven hundred sixty and four, in all manner of Learning, touching in them the hardest Doubts that are in any Science. And first of all, in the *Foilder-street* he held dispute against all the *Regents*, *Artists* and *Orators*, and did so gallantly, that he overthrew them, and set them  
all

all upon their Tails. He went afterwards to the *Sorbon*, where he maintained Argument against all the *Theologians*, for the space of six Weeks, from four a Clock in the Morning until six in the Evening, except an Interval of two Hours to refresh themselves, and take their Repast. And at this were present the greatest part of the *Lords* of the Court, the *Masters* of Requests, *Presidents*, *Counsellors*, those of the *Accompts*, *Secretaries*, *Advocates* and others: As also the *Sheriffs* of the said Town, with the *Physicians* and *Professors* of the Canon-Law. Amongst which, it is to be remarked, that the greatest part were resty and head-strong, and in their Opinions obstinate; but he took such course with them, that for all their *Ergoes* and Fallacies, he put their Backs to the Wall, gravelled them in the deepest Questions, and made it visibly appear to the World, that compared to him, they were but *Monkies*, and a Knot of *muffled Calves*. Whereupon every Body began to keep a bustling Noise, and talk of his so marvellous Knowledg, through all degrees of Persons in both Sexes, even to the very *Laundresses*, *Brokers*, *Rostmeat-sellers*, *Penknifemakers* and others; who, when he past along in the Street, would say, *This is he*; in which he took delight, as *Demosthenes*, the Prince of *Greek* Orators did, when a mumping old Hag, pointing at him with her Fingers, said, *This is the Man*.

Now



Now at this same very time there was a Suit in Law, depending in Court between two great Lords, of which one was called my Lord *Kissebreecch*, Plaintiff, of one side; and the other my Lord *Suckfist*, Defendant, of the other; whose Controversy was so high and difficult in Law, that the Court of Parliament could make nothing of it. And therefore by the Commandment of the King, there were assembled four of the greatest, and most learned of all the Parliaments of *France*, together with the great Council, and all the principal Regents of the Universities, not only of *France*, but of *England* also and *Italy*, such as *Jason*, *Philippus-Decius*, *Petrus de Petronibus*, and a Rabble of other old *Rabbanists*. Who being thus met together, after they had thereupon consulted for the space of six and forty Weeks, finding that they could not *fasten their Teeth* in it, nor with such clearness understand the Case, as that they might in any manner of way be able to right it, or take up the Difference betwixt the two aforesaid Parties, it did so grievously vex them, that they most villanously conspire themselves for shame. In this great Extremity, one amongst them named *Du Daulnait*, the learnedst of all, and more expert and prudent than any of the rest, whilst one Day they were thus at their Wits end, all-to-be-dunced and *philosopholized* in their Brains, said unto them; We have been here (my Masters) a good long space without doing any thing else, than trifle away

away both Time and Money, and can nevertheless find neither Brim nor Bottom in this Matter : for the more we study about it, the less we understand therein, which is a great Shame and Disgrace to us, and a heavy Burthen to our Consciences ; yea such, that in my Opinion we shall not rid our selves of it without Dishonour, unless we take some other course ; for we do nothing but dote in our Consultations.

See therefore what I have thought upon : You have heard much talking of that worthy Personage named Master *Pantagrue*, who hath been found to be learned above the Capacity of this present Age, by the Proofs he gave in those great Disputations, which he held publicly against all Men. My Opinion is, that we send for him, to confer with him about this Business ; for never any Man will encompass the bringing of it to an end, if he do it not.

Hereunto all the Counsellors and Doctors willingly agreed, and according to that their Result, having instantly sent for him, they intreated him to be pleased to canvass the *Process*, and sift it thoroughly ; that after a deep Search and narrow Examination of all the Points thereof, he might forthwith make the *Report* unto them, such as he shall think good in true and legal Knowledg. To this effect they delivered into his Hands the *Bags* wherein were the *Writs* and *Pancarts* concerning that Suit, which for Bulk and Weight were almost

almost enough to lade four great stoned Asses. But *Pantagruel* said unto them, Are the two Lords, between whom this Debate and Process is, yet living? it was answered him, Yes: To what a Devil then (said he) serve so many paultry Heaps, and Bundles of Papers and Copies which you give me? Is it not better to hear their Controversy from their own Mouths, whilst they are Face to Face before us, than to read these vile Fopperies, which are nothing but Chicaneries, Deceits, diabolical Cozenages of *Cepola*, pernicious Slights, and Subversions of Equity? For I am sure, that you, and all those through whose Hands this *Process* hath past, have by your Devices added what you could to it *pro & contra*; in such sort, that although their Difference perhaps was clear and easy enough to determine at first, you have perplexed and *puzzl'd the Cause*, by the frivolous, sottish, unreasonable, and foolish Reasons and Opinions of *Accursius*, *Baldus*, *Bartolus*, *de Castro*, *de Imola*, *Hippolytus*, *Panormo*, *Bertachin*, *Alexander*, *Curcius*, and those other old *Mastriffs*, who never understood the least Law of the *Pandects*, they being but meer Block-heads and great *Tisbe-calves*, ignorant of all that which was needful for the understanding of the Laws. For (as it is most certain) they had not the Knowledge either of the *Greek* or *Latin* Tongue, but only of the *Gotick* and *Barbarian*. The Laws nevertheless were first taken from the *Greeks*, according to the Testimony

mony of *Ulpian. l. poster. de origine juris*, which we likewise may perceive by that all the Laws are full of *Greek Words and Sentences*. And then we find that they are reduced into a *Latin Stile*, the most elegant and ornate, that whole Language is able to afford, without excepting that of any that ever wrote therein; nay, not of *Salust, Varro, Cicero, Seneca, Titus Livius*, nor *Quintilian*. How then could these old Dotards be able to understand aright the Text of the Laws, who never in their time had looked upon a good *Latin Book*, as doth evidently enough appear by the Rudeness of their Stile; which is fitter for a Chimney-sweeper, a Cook or a Scullion, than for a *Jurisconsult* and Doctor in the Laws?

Furthermore; Seeing the Laws are excerpted out of the middle of *Moral and Natural Philosophy*, how should these Fools have understood it, that have by *G—* studied less in Philosophy than my *Mule*? in respect of Humane Learning, and the Knowledg of *Antiquities and Histories*, they were truly laden with those Faculties as a *Toad is with Feathers*: and yet of all this the Laws are so full, that without it they cannot be understood; as I intend more fully to shew unto you in a peculiar Treatise, which on that purpose I am about to publish. Therefore if you will that I meddle in this *Process*; First, cause all these Papers to be burnt: Secondly, Make the two Gentlemen come personally before me;

me; and afterwards, when I shall have heard them, I will tell you my Opinion freely without any Fiction or Dissimulation whatsoever.

Some amongst them did contradict this Motion, as you know that in all Companies there are *more Fools than wise Men*, and that the greater part always surmounts the better; as saith *Titus Livius*, in speaking of the *Carthaginians*. But the foresaid *Du Douhait* held the contrary Opinion; maintaining that *Pantagrual* had said well, and what was right, in affirming that these Records, Bills of Inquest, Replies, Rejoinders, Exceptions, Depositions, and other such *Diableries* of Truth-intangling Writs, were but Engines wherewith to overthrow Justice, and unnecessarily to prolong such Suits as did depend before them; and that therefore the *Devil* would carry them all away to Hell, if they did not take another Course, and proceeded not in times coming according to the Prescripts of *Evangelical* and *Philosophical Equity*. In fine, all the Papers were burnt, and the two Gentlemen summoned and personally convened. At whose Appearance before the Court, *Pantagrual* said unto them, Are you they that have this great Difference betwixt you? Yes, (my Lord) said they. Which of you (said *Pantagrual*) is the Plaintiff? It is I, said my Lord *Kissebreech*. Go too then, my Friend, (said he) and relate your Matter unto me from Point to Point, according to the real Truth, or else



else (by Cocks Body) if I find you to lie so much as in one word, I will make you shorter by the Head, and take it from off your Shoulders, to shew others by your Example, that in Justice and Judgment Men ought to speak nothing but the Truth; therefore take heed you do not add nor impair any thing in the Narration of your Case. *Begin.*

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### CHAP. XI.

*How the Lord of Kissebreech and Suckfist, did plead before Pantagruel without Advocates.*

**T**Hen began *Kissebreech* in manner as followeth: *My Lord*, it is true, that a good Woman of my House carried Eggs to the Market to sell. Be covered *Kissebreech*, said *Pantagruel*. Thanks to you, *my Lord*, said the Lord *Kissebreech*: But to the purpose, There passed betwixt the two *Tropicks*, the Sum of three Pence towards the *Zenith*, and a half-penny; forasmuch as the *Riphaan* Mountains had been that Year oppress'd with a great Sterility of counterfeit Gudgeons, and shew without Substance, by means of the babling Tattle, and fond Fibs, seditiously raised between the *Gibblegablers*, and *Accursian* Giberish-mongers, for the Rebellion of the *Swissers*, who had assembled themselves to the full number of the *Bum-bets*, and *Myrmidons*,

to go a handsel-getting on the first Day of the new Year, at that very time when they give Brewis to the Oxen, and deliver the Key of the Coals to the Country-girls, for serving in of the Oats to the Dogs. All the Night long they did nothing else (keeping their Hands still upon the Pot) but dispatch Bulls a-foot, and Bulls a-horseback, to stop the Boats: for the Tailors and Sales-men would have made of the stolen Shreds a goodly Sagbut to cover the face of the Ocean, which then was great with Child of a Potful of Cabbage, according to the Opinion of the Hay-bundle-makers: but the Physicians said, that by the Urine they could discern no manifest Sign of the Bustard's Pace, nor how to eat double-tongued Martocks with Mustard, unless the Lords and Gentlemen of the Court should be pleased to give by *B. mol* expresse command to the Pox, not to run about any longer, in gleaning up of Copper-smiths and Tinkers; for the Jobernolls had already a pretty good beginning in their Dance of the British Gig, called the *E-strindere*, to a perfect *Diapason*, with one Foot in the Fire, and their Head in the middle, as good Man *Ragot* was wont to say.

Ha, (*my Masters*) God moderates all things, and disposeth of them at his Pleasure; so that against unlucky Fortune a Carter broke his frisking Whip, which was all the Wind-Instrument he had: this was done at his return from the little poultry Town, even then when

Master

Master *Amitus* of *Cresseplots* was licentiated, and had past his Degrees in all Dullery and Blockishness, according to this Sentence of the Canonists, *Beati Dunces, quoniam ipsi stumblaverunt.* But that which makes *Lent* to be so high, by *St. Fiacre* of *Bry*, is for nothing else, but that the *Pentecost* never comes but to my cost; yet on afore there, hoe: a little Rain stills a great Wind; and we must think so, seeing that the Serjeant hath propounded the Matter so far above my reach, that the Clerks and Secondaries could not with the Benefit thereof lick their Fingers feathered with Gaunders, so orbicularly, as they were wont in other things to do. And we do manifestly see, that every one acknowledgeth himself to be in the Error, wherewith another hath been charged, reserving only those Cases whereby we are obliged to take an ocular Inspection in a prospective Glass of these things, towards the place in the Chimney, where hangeth the Sign of the Wine of forty Girths, which have been always accounted very necessary for the number of twenty Panels and Pack-saddles of the bankrupt Protectionaries of five Years respite: howsoever, at least he that would not let fly the Fowl before the Cheese-cakes, ought in Law to have discovered his Reason why not; for the *Memory* is often lost with a wayward *Shoing*. Well, God keep *Theobald Misain* from all danger. Then said *Pantagruel*, Hold

D d

there

there: Ho, *my Friend*, soft and fair, speak at leisure, and soberly, without putting your self in choler: I understand the Case, go on. Now then, (*my Lord*) said *Kissebreach*, the foresaid good Woman, saying her *gaudez and andinos*, could not cover her self with a treacherous Back-blow, ascending by the Wounds and Passions of the Privileges of the University; unless by the Virtue of a Warming-pan she had angelically fomented every part of her Body, in covering them with a Hedge of Garden-Beds: then giving in a swift unavoidable Thrust very near to the place where they sell the old Rags, whereof the Painters of *Flanders* make great use, when they are about neatly to clap on Shoes on Grasshoppers, Locusts, Cigals, and such like Fly-fowls; so strange to us, that I am wonderfully astonished why the World doth not lay, seeing it is so good to hatch.

Here the Lord of *Suckfist* would have interrupted him and spoken somewhat; whereupon *Pantagrue* said unto him, *St, by St. Anthony's Belly*, doth it become thee to speak without Command? I sweat here, and crack my Brain to understand the Proceeding of your mutual Difference, and yet thou comest to trouble and disquiet me. Peace, in the Devil's Name, Peace; thou shalt be permitted to speak thy Belly-full when this Man hath done, and no sooner. Go on, (said he to *Kissebreach*) speak calmly, and do not over-heat your self with too much haste.

I perceiving then (said *Kissebrech*) that the *pragmatical Sanction* did make no mention of it, and that the holy *Pope* to every one gave liberty to *sars* at his own ease, if that the Blankets had no Streaks, wherein the Liars were to be crossed with a Russian-like Crew: and the Rain-bow being newly sharpened at *Milan* to bring forth Larks, gave his full consent that the good Woman should tread down the Heel of the Hipgut-pangs, by virtue of a solemn Protestation put in by the little *resticulated* or codsted Fishes; which to tell the truth, were at that time very necessary for understanding the *Syntax* and Construction of old Boots. Therefore *John Calfe*, her Cousin-gervais once removed, with a Log from the Woodstack, very seriously advised her not to put her self into the hazard of quagswagging in the Lee, to be scoured with a buck of Linen Clothes, till first she had kindled the Paper: this Counsel she laid hold on, because he desired her to take nothing, and throw out, for *Non de ponte vadis, qui cum sapientia cadis*. Matters thus standing, seeing the Members of that Committee did not fully agree amongst themselves in calling up the number of the *Almany Whistles*, whereof were framed those *Speltacles* for *Princes*, which have been lately printed at *Antwerp*. I must needs think that it makes a bad return of the *Wrie*, and that the adverse Party is not to be believed, in *sacer verbo dotis*. For that having a great Desire to obey the



Pleasure of the King, I armed my self from Toe to Top with Belly-furniture, of the Soles of good Venison-pasties, to go see how my Grape-gatherers and Vintagers had pinked and cut full of small Holes their high Coped-caps, to lecher it the better, and play at *in and in*. And indeed the time was very dangerous in coming from the Fair, in so far that many *trained Bow-men* were cast at the Muster, and quite rejected, although the Chimney-tops were high enough, according to the proportion of the *Windgalls*, and the *Malaunders Lam-baudichon*. And by this means there was that Year great abundance throughout all the Country of *Artois*, of tawny buzzing Beetles, to the no small profit of the Gentlemen-great-slick-faggot-carriers, when they did eat without disdain the *Cocklicranes*, till their Belly was like to crack with it again. As for my part, such is my *Christian* Charity towards my Neighbours, that I could wish from my Heart every one had as good a Voice, it would make us play the better at the Tennis and the Baloon. And truly (*my Lord*) to express the real Truth without Dissimulation, I cannot but say, that those petty subtle Devices, which are found out in the etymologizing of Patins, would descend more easily into the River of *Seine*, to serve for ever at the Millers-Bridge, as it was heretofore decreed by the King of the *Camarrians*, which is to be seen in the Registry and Records within the Clerks Office of this House.

And

And therefore (my Lord) I do most humbly require; that by your Lordship there may be said and declared upon the Case what is reasonable, with *Costs, Damages and Interest*. Then said *Pantagruel*, My Friend, is this all you have to say? *Kissebreech* answered, Yes, (my Lord); for I have told all the *tu-antem*, and have not varied at all upon mine Honour in so much as one single word. You then (said *Pantagruel*) my Lord of *Suckfist*, say what you will, and be brief, without omitting nevertheless any thing that may serve to the purpose.

## C H A P. XII.

*How the Lord of Suckfist pleaded before Pantagruel.*

**T**hen began the Lord *Suckfist* in manner as followeth: *My Lord*, and you my *Masters*, if the Iniquity of Men were as easily seen in categorical Judgment, as we can discern Flies in a Milk-pot, the World's four Oxen had not been so eaten up with Rats, nor had so many Ears upon the Earth been nibbled away so scurvily. For although all that my Adversary hath spoken be of *Down*, in so much as concerns the Letter and History of the *Factum*, yet nevertheless, the Subtilties, the *Pneness*, the little lly Intanglements are hid under the Rose-pot.

Should I endure, that, when I am eating my Pottage, equal with the best, and that without either thinking or speaking any manner of ill, they rudely come to vex, trouble, and perplex my Brains, ringing in my Ears that old Jingle,

*He that will in his Pottage drink,  
When he is dead, shall not see one Wink,*

And, good Lady! how many great Captains have we seen in the Day of Battel, when in open field the *Sacrament* was distributed in Lunchions of the *sanctified Bread* of the Confraternity, the more honestly to nod their Heads, play on the Lute, crack with their Tails, and make pretty little platform Leaps? But now the World is unshackled from the Cornets of the Packs of *Leicester*, one flies out lewdly and becomes debauch'd; another likewise five, four and two, and that at such random, that if the Court take not some course therein, it will make as bad a Season in matter of Gleaning this Year, as ever it made, or it will make Goblets. If any poor Creature go to the Stoves to illuminate his Muzzle with a Cow-shard, or to buy Winter-boots, and that the Serjeants passing by, or those of the Watch happen to receive the Decoction of a Clyster, or the fecal Matter of a Close-stool, upon their Rustling-wrangling-clutter-keeping Masterhips, should any because of that

make

make bold to clip the Shillings and Testers, and fry the wooden Dishes? Sometimes when we think one thing, God does another; and *when the Sun is set, all Beasts are in the Shade*. Let me never be believed again, if I do not gallantly prove it by several People that have seen the Light of the Day.

In the Year thirty and six, buying a *Dutch Curtail*, which was a middle siz'd Horse, both high and short, of a Wool good enough, and di- ed in Grain, as the Gold-Smiths assured me, al- though the *Notary* put an *etc.* in it: I told re- ally, that I was not a *Clerk* of so much Learn- ing as to snatch at the Moon with my Teeth; but as for the Butter-firkin, where *Vulcanian's* Deeds and Evidences were sealed, the Rumour was, and the Report thereof went currant, that *Salt-Beef will make one find the way to the Wine without a Candle*, though it were hid in the bot- tom of a Collier's Sack, and that with his Draw- ers on he were mounted on a barbed Horse fur- nished with a Frontal, and such Arms, Thighs and Leg-pieces as are requisite for the well fry- ing and broiling of a swaggering Sawciness. Here is a Sheep's Head, and it is well they make a Proverb of this, that it is good to see black Cows in burnt Wood, when one attains to the Enjoyment of his Love. I had a Consultation upon this Point with my Masters the Clerks, who for Resolution concluded in *frise somorum*, that there is nothing like to mowing in the Summer, and sweeping clean away in Water,

well garnished with Paper, Ink, Pens and Pen-knives of *Lions* upon the River of *Rosne*; *dolopym dolop of, carabin carabus, tut prut pish*: for incontinently after that Armour begins to smell of Garlick, the Rust will go near to eat the Liver, not of him that wears it; and then do they nothing else but withstand others Courses, and wry-neckedly set up their Bristles against one another, in lightly passing over their Afternoon's Sleep: and this is that which maketh Salt so dear. My Lords, believe not, when the said good Woman had with Bird-lime, caught the shovellar Fowl, the better before a Serjeant's Witness, to deliver the younger Son's Portion to him, that the Sheep's Pluck, or Hog's Haslet, did dodg and shrink back in the Usurers Purses, or that there could be any thing better to preserve one from the *Cannibals*, than to take a Rope of Onions, knit with three hundred Turneps, and a little of a Calf's Chaldern of the best Allay that the Alchymists have: and that they *lute* and *calcine* these Pantoffles, *muf* in *muf* out. *Moufflin moufflard*, with the fine Sauce of the Juice of the Rabble-rout, whilst they hide themselves in some petty Moldwarp-hole, saving always the Bacon. Now if the Dice will not favour you with any other Throw but *Ambeface*, and the Chance of three at the great end, mark well the *Acte*; then take me your Dame, settle her in a Corner of the Bed, and whisk me her up *drille trille, there, there*; then a hearty Draught of the best, *de-*



*spicando grenovillibus*, in despite of the Frogs; whose fair counte bebuskined Stockins shall be set apart for the little muted Gossings, which fatted in a Coop, take delight to sport themselves at the wagtail Game, waiting for the beating of the Metal, and heating of the Wax by the *slavering Drivellers of Consolation*.

Very true it is, that the four Oxen which are in debate, and whereof mention was made, were somewhat short in memory: nevertheless, to understand the *gamme* aright, they feared neither the Cormorant nor Mallard of *Savoy*, which put the good People of my Country in great hope, that their Children sometime should become very skilful in *Algorism*; therefore is it, that by a Law *Rubrick* and special Sentence thereof, that we cannot fail to take the Wolf, if we make our Hedges higher than the Wind-mill, whereof somewhat was spoken by the Plaintiff. But the great Devil did envy it, and put the *High Dutch* far behind, who played the Devils in swilling down and tipling at the good Liquor, *trink meen beer, trink, trink*, by two of my Table-men in the Corner-point I have gained the lurch; for it is not probable, nor is there any appearance of Truth in this Saying, That at *Paris* upon a little Bridg the Hen is proportionable: and were they as coped and high-crested as marsh Whoops, if veritably they did not sacrifice the Printers *Pumpit-halls* at *Moreb*, with a new Edg set upon them by *Text Letters*, or those of a swift-wri-

ring Hand, it is all one to me, so that the Head-band of the Book breed not Moths or Worms in it. And put the case, that at the coupling together of the Buck-hounds, the little Puppies should have waxed proud before the *Nativity* could have given an account of the Serving of his *Writ* by the Cabalistical Art, it will necessarily follow (under Correction of the better Judgment of the Court) that six Acres of Meadow-ground of the greatest breadth, will make three Butts of fine Ink, without paying ready Money. Considering that at the Funeral of King *Charles*, we might have had the fathom in open market for *Dance-ace*: this I may affirm with a safe Conscience upon my Oath of Wool.

And I see ordinarily in all good Bag-pipes, that when they go to the counterfeiting of the chirping of small Birds, by swinging a Broom three times about a Chimney, and putting his Name upon Record, they do nothing but bend a Cross-bow backward, and wind a Horn, if perhaps it be too hot, and that by making it fast to a Rope he was to draw, immediately after the sight of the Letters, the Cows were restored to him. Such another Sentence after the homeliest Manner was pronounced in the seventeenth Year, because of the bad Government of *Louzebourg*; whereunto it may please the Court to have regard. I desire to be rightly understood; for truly I say not, but that in all Equity, and with

an upright Conscience, those may very well be dispossess, who drink *holy Water*, as one would do a Weaver's Shuttle, whereof Suppositories are made to those that will not resign, but on the terms of *ell and tell*, and giving of one thing for another. *Tunc* (my Lords) *quid juris pro minoribus?* for the common Custom of the *Salick Law* is such, that the first Incendiary or Fire-brand of Sedition, that slays the Cow, and wipes his Nose in a full Consort of Musick, without blowing in the Cocker's Stitches, should in the time of the Night-mare sublimate the Penury of his Member by Moss gathered when People are like to founder themselves at the *Mass* at Mid-night, to give the Estrapade to these White-wines of *Anjou*, that do *Gambetta*, Neck to Neck, after the Fashion of *Britany*. Concluding as before with *Costs*, *Damages* and *Interests*.

After that the Lord of *Suckfist* had ended, *Pamagrue* said to the Lord of *Kissebreech*, My Friend, have you a mind to make any Reply to what is said? No, (my Lord) answered *Kissebreech*; for I have spoke all I intended, and nothing but the Truth, therefore put an end for God's sake to our Difference, for we are here at great Charge.

## C H A P. XIII.

*How Pantagruel gave Judgement upon the Difference of the two Lords.*

**T**HEN *Pantagruel* rising up, assembled all the Presidents, Counsellors and Doctors that were there, and said unto them, Come now, (my Masters) you have heard (*viva vobis oraculo*) the Controversy that is in question, what do you think of it? They answered him, We have indeed heard it, but have not understood the Devil so much as one Circumstance of the Case; and therefore we beseech you *una voce*, and in courtesy request you, that you would give Sentence as you think good; and *ex nunc prout ex tunc*, we are satisfied with it, and do ratify it with our full Consents. Well, my Masters (said *Pantagruel*) seeing you are so pleased, I will do it: but I do not truly find the Case so difficult as you make it: Your Paragraph *Caton*, the Law *Frater*, the Law *Gallus*, the Law *Quinque pedum*, the Law *Forum*, the Law *Si Dominus*, the Law *Mater*, the Law *Mulier bona*, the Law *Si quis*, the Law *Pomponius*, the Law *Fundi*, the Law *Emptor*, the Law *Prætor*, the Law *Venditor*, and a great many others are far more intricate in my Opinion. After he had spoke this, he walked a turn or two about the Hall, plodding  
very

very profoundly as one may think; for he did groan like an Ass, whilst they girth him too hard, with the very Intensiveness of considering how he was bound in Conscience to do right to both Parties, without varying or accepting of Persons. Then he returned, sat down, and began to pronounce Sentence as followeth:

Having seen, heard, calculated and well considered of the Difference between the Lords of *Kissbreech* and *Suckfist*; the Court saith unto them, that in regard of the sudden Shivering of the *Flickermouse*, bravely declining from the *effival Solstice*, to attempt by private means the surprizal of toyish Trifles in those, who are a little unwell for having taken a Draught too much, through the lewd Demeanour and vexation of the Beetles, that inhabit the *Diarodial* Climate of an hypocritical Ape on Horseback, bending a Cross-bow backwards. The Plaintiff truly had just cause to *calfet*, and stop the Chinks of the Gallion, which the good Woman blew up with Wind, having one Foot shod and the other bare, reimbursing and restoring to him low and stiff in his Conscience, as many Bladder-nuts and wild *Pistaches* as there is of Hair in eighteen Cows, with as much for the Embroiderer, and so much for that. He is likewise declared innocent of the Case privileged from the *Knaydardus*, into the danger whereof it was thought he had incurred; because he could not jocundly and with fulness of Freedom untruss and dung, by the decision of



a pair of Gloves perfumed with the Scent of Burn-gunshot, at the Walnut-tree Taper, as is usual in his Country of *Mirebalais*. Slacking therefore the Top-sail, and letting go the Bouldin with the Brazen-bullets, wherewith the Mariners did by way of Protestation bake in Pate-meat great store of Pulse, interquilted with the Dormouse, whose Hawks Bells were made with a *puntinaria*, after the manner of *Hungary* or *Flanders* Lace, and which his Brother-in-Law carried in a Panier, lying near to three *Chevrons* or bordered *Gueules*, whilst he was clean out of heart, drooping and crest-fallen by the too narrow sifting, canvassing, and curious examining of the Matter, in the angular Dog-hole of nasty Scoundrels, from whence we shoot at the *vermiform* Poppingay, with the Flap made of a Fox-tail.

But in that he chargeth the Defendant, that he was a Botcher, Cheese-eater, and Trimmer of Man's Flesh imbalmed; which in the arseverly swagfal tumble was not found true, as by the Defendant was very well discussed.

The Court therefore doth condemn and amerce him in three Poringers of Gurdy, well cemented and closed together, shining like Pearls, and cod-pieced after the Fashion of the Country, to be payed unto the said Defendant about the middle of *August* in *May*: but on the other part, the Defendant shall be bound to furnish him with Hay and Stubble, for stopping the Caltrops of his Throat, troubled and im-

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*pulregafized*, with Gabardines garbeled shufflingly, and Friends as before, *without Costs* and for cause. *VIX*

Which Sentence being pronounced, the two Parties departed *both contented with the Decree*; which was a thing almost incredible: for it never came to pass since the great Rain; nor shall the like occur in thirteen Jubilees hereafter, that two Parties contradictorily contending In Judgment, be equally satisfied and well pleased with the *definitive Sentence*. As for the Counsellors, and other Doctors in the Law that were there present, they were all so ravished with Admiration at the more than Humane Wisdom of *Pantagruel*, which they did most clearly perceive to be in him, by his so accurate Decision of this so difficult and thorny Cause, that their Spirits, with the Extremity of the Rapture, being elevated above the pitch of actuating the Organs of the Body, they fell into a Trance and sudden Extasy, wherein they stayed for the space of three long Hours; and had been so as yet in that Condition, had not some good People fetched store of Vineger and Rose-water to bring them again unto their former Sense and Understanding. For the which God be praised every where; And so be it.

## C H A P. XIV.

*Now Panturge related the manner how he escaped  
out of the Hands of the Turks.*

**T**He great Wit and Judgment of *Pantagruel* was immediately after this made known unto all the World, by setting forth his Prailes in Print; and putting upon Record this late wonderful Proof he hath given thereof amongst the Rolls of the Crown, and Registers of the Palace, in such sort, that every Body began to say, that *Solomon*, who by a probable Guess only, without any further certainty, eased the Child to be delivered to its own Mother, shewed never in his time such a Master-piece of Wisdom, as the good *Pantagruel* had done: happy are we therefore that have him in our Country. And indeed they would have made him there-upon Master of the Requests, and President in the Court: but he refused all, very graciously thanking them for their Offer, for (said he) there is too much Slavery in these Offices, and very hardly can they be saved that do exercise them; considering the great Corruption that is amongst Men. Which makes me believe, if the empty Seats of Angels be not fill'd with other kind of People than those, we shall not have the final Judgment these seven thousand sixty and seven Jubilees yet to come; and so *Cusanus* will

will be deceived in his Conjecture. Remember that I have told you of it, and given you fair Advertisement in time and place convenient.

But if you have any Hogheads of good Wine, I willingly will accept of a Present of that, which they very heartily did do, in sending him of the best that was in the City, and he drank reasonably well. But poor *Panurge* bibbed and bowfed of it most villainously; for he was as dry as a *Red-berring*, as lean as a *Rake*, and like a poor, lank, slender Cat, walked gingerly as if he had trod upon Eggs: so that by some one being admonished, in the midst of his Draught of a large deep Bowl, full of excellent Claret, with these words, *Fair and softly! Gussip*, you suck up as if you were mad: I give thee to the Devil, (said he) thou hast not found here thy little tipling Sippers of *Paris*, that drink no more than the *Chaffinches*, and never take in their Beak full of Liquor, till they be bobbed on the Tails after the manner of the Sparrows. O Companion, if I could *swim* up as well as I can *get down*, I had been long ere this above the Sphere of the Moon with *Empedocles*. But I cannot tell what a Devil this means. This Wine is so good and delicious, that the more I drink thereof, the more I am a-thirst. I believe that the Shadow of my Master *Pantagruel* maketh Men a-thirsty, as the Moon doth the Catarrhs and Defluxions. At which word the Company began to laugh. Which *Pantagruel* perceiving, said, *Panurge*, what is that

that which moves you to laugh so? Sir, said he, I was telling them that these devilish *Turks* are very unhappy, in that they never drink one drop of Wine; and that though there were no other harm in all *Mahomet's Alcoran*, yet for this one base Point of Abstinence from Wine, which therein is commanded, I would not submit my self unto their Law. But now tell me (said *Montagnuel*) how you escaped out of their Hands. By G—, Sir, (said *Panurge*) I will not lie to you in one word.

The rascally *Turks* had broached me upon a Spit all larded like a Rabbet, (for I was so dry and meagre, that otherwise of my Flesh they would have made but very bad Meat) and in this manner began to roast me alive. As they were thus roasting me, I recommended my self unto the *Divine Grace*, having in my Mind the good *St. Lawrence*, and always hoped in God that he would deliver me out of this Torment, which came to pass, and that very strangely: for as I did commit my self with all my Heart unto God, crying, *Lord God help me, Lord God save me, Lord God take me out of this Pain and hellish Torture*, wherein these traitorous Dogs detain me for my Sincerity in the Maintenance of thy Law: the *Turn-spi* fell asleep by the Divine Will, or else by the Virtue of some good *Mercury*, who cunningly brought *Argus* into a Sleep for all his hundred Eyes. When I saw that he did no longer turn me in roasting, I looked upon him, and perceived



# Chap. XIV. WORKS.

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ceived that he was fast asleep, then took I up in my Teeth a Fire-brand by the end where it was not burnt, and cast it into the Lap of my Roaster; and another did I throw as well as I could under a Field-bed, that was placed near to the Chimney, wherein was the Straw-bed of my Master *Turn-spit*; presently the Fire took hold in the Straw, and from the Straw to the Bed, and from the Bed to the Loft, which was planked and cieled with Firr, after the fashion of the foot of a Lamp. But the best was, that the Fire which I had cast into the Lap of my poultry Roaster, burnt all his Groin, and was beginning to cease upon his *Cullions*, when he became sensible of the danger; for his Smelling was not so bad, but that he felt it sooner than he could have seen Day-light. Then suddenly getting up, and in a great Amazement running to the Window, he cried out to the Streets as high as he could, *Dalbaroth, Dalbaroth, Dalbaroth*; which is as much to say, *Fire, Fire, Fire*: incontinently turning about, he came streight towards me, to throw me quite into the Fire; and to that effect, had already cut the Ropes, wherewith my Hands were tied, and was undoing the Cords from off my Feet; when the Master of the House hearing him cry, *Fire*, and smelling the Smoke from the very Street where he was walking with some other *Bassbaws* and *Mustaphaes*, ran with all the speed he had to save what he could, and to carry away his Jewels. Yet such was his Rage, (before he could well resolve

resolve how to go about it) that he caught the Broach whereon I was spitted, and therewith killed my Roaster stark dead, of which Wound he died there for want of *Government* or otherwise; for he ran him in with the Spit a little above the Navel, towards the right Flank, till he pierced the third Lappet of his Liver, and the Blow flanting upwards from the *Diaphragme*, through which it had made *Penetration*, the Spit past athwart the *Pericardium*, and came out above at his Shoulders, betwixt the *Spondyls* and the left *Hemoplat*.

True it is, (for I will not lie) that in drawing the Spit out of my Body, I fell to the Ground near unto the Andirons, and so by the Fall took some hurt; which indeed had been greater, but that the *Lardons*, or little Slices of Bacon, wherewith I was stuck, kept off the Blow. My *Banishaw* then seeing the Case to be desperate, his House burnt without Remission, and all his Goods lost, gave himself over unto all the Devils in Hell, calling upon some of them by their Names, *Gringoth*, *Astaroth*, *Rap-palm* and *Gribonills*, nine several times; which when I saw, I had above six Penny-worth of Fear, dreading that the Devils would come even then to carry away this Fool, and seeing me so near him would perhaps snatch me up too. I am ready (thought I) half roasted, and my *Lardons* will be the cause of my Mischief; for these Devils are very lickorous of *Lardons*, according to the Authority which you have of  
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the Philosopher *Jamblicus* and *Murmanis*, in the Apology of *Bossuris*, adulterated *pro magistros nostros*. But for my better security I made the sign of the Cross; crying, *Hageos, atbanatos, hotheos*, and none came: At which, my Rogue *Baashan* being very much aggrieved, would in transpiercing his Heart with my Spit have killed himself; and to that purpose had set it against his Breast, but it could not enter, because it was not sharp enough. Whereupon I perceiving that he was not like to work upon his Body the Effect which he intended, although he did not spare all the Force he had to thrust it forward, came up to him and said, Master *Bugrino*, thou dost here but trifle away thy time, for thou wilt never kill thy self thus as thou doest. Well, thou mayest hurt or bruise somewhat within thee, so as to make thee languish all thy Life-time most pitifully amongst the Hands of the Chirurgions; but if thou wilt be counselled by me, I will kill thee clear outright, so that thou shalt not so much as feel it; and trust me, for I have killed a great many others, who never have complained afterwards. Ha, my Friend, said he, I prethee do so, and for thy pains I will give thee my *Cod-piece*; take, here it is, there are six hundred *Seraphs* in it, and some fine *Diamonds*, and most excellent *Rubies*. And where are they, said *Epistemon*? By *St. John* (said *Panurge*) they are a good way hence, if they always keep going. But where is the last Year's Snow? This was the greatest care

care that *Villon* the *Parisian* Poet took. Make an end (said *Pantagruel*) that we may know how thou didst dress thy *Baashaw*: By the Faith of an honest Man (said *Panurge*) I do not lie in one word; I swadled him in a scurvy Swathel-binding, which I found lying there half burnt, and with my Cords tied him Royster-like both Hand and Foot, in such sort that he was not able to wince; then past my Spit through his Throat, and hanged him thereon, fastening the end thereof at two great Hooks or Cramp-irons, upon which they did hang their Halberds; and then kindling a fair Fire under him, did flame you up my *Milours*, as they use to do dry Herrings in a Chimney: with this, taking his Budget, and a little Javelin that was upon the foresaid Hooks, I ran away a fair Gallop-rake, and God he knows how I did smell my Shoulder of Mutton.

When I was come down into the Street, I found every Body come to put out the Fire with store of Water, and seeing me so half-roasted, they did naturally pity my Case, and threw all their Water upon me, which by a most joyful refreshing of me, did me very much good. Then did they present me with some Victuals, but I could not eat much, because they gave me nothing to drink, but Water after their fashion. Other hurt they did me none, only one little villanous Turkey knob-bred Rogue, came to macth away some of my *Lardons*; but I gave him such a hurdy Thump, and found Rap on the Fingers, with all

all the weight of my Javelin, that he came no more the second time. Shortly after this, there came towards me a pretty young *Corinthian* Wench, who brought me a Box full of Con-ferves, of round *Adirabotan* Plums, called *Em-blicks*, and looked upon my poor *Roger* with an Eye of great Compassion, as it was Flea-bitten and pinked with the Sparkles of the Fire from whence it came, for it reached no further in length (believe me) than my Knees. But note, that this Roasting cured me entirely of a *Sciatica*, whereunto I had been subject above seven Years before, upon that side which my *Ron-ster*, by falling asleep, suffered to be burnt.

Now whilst they were thus busy about me, the Fire triumphed, never ask, How? for it took hold on above two thousand Houses; which one of them espying, cryed out, say-ing, By *Mahooms* Belly all the City is on fire, and we do nevertheless stand gazing here, with-out offering to make any Relief. Upon this, every one ran to save his own. For my part, I took my way towards the Gate. When I was got upon the Knap of a little Hillock, not far off, I turned me about as did *Zor's* Wife, and looking back, saw all the City burning in a fair Fire; whereat I was so glad, that I had almost beshit my self for Joy: but God punished me well for it. How? said *Pantagruel*. Thus, said *Panurge*; for when with Pleasure I beheld this jolly Fire, jesting with my self, and saying, *Ha poor Flies, ha poor Mice*, you will have a bad



bad Winter of it this Year; the Fire is in your Reeks, it is *in your Bed-straw*: Out came more than six, yea more than thirteen hundred and eleven Dogs great and small, altogether out of the Town, flying away from the Fire. At the first Approach they ran all upon me, being carried on by the Scent of my lecherous half-roasted Flesh, and had even then devoured me in a trice, if my good Angel had not well inspired me with the Instruction of a Remedy, very sovereign against the *Pain of the Teeth*. And wherefore (said Pantagruel) wert thou afraid of the *Pain of the Teeth*? wert thou not cured of thy Rheums? By *Palm-Sunday* (said Panurge) is there any greater *Pain of the Teeth* than when the Dogs have you by the Legs? But on a sudden (as my good Angel directed me) I thought upon my *Lardons*, and threw them into the midst of the Field among them: then did the Dogs run, and fight with one another at fair Teeth, which should have the *Lardons*: by this means they left me, and I left them also bustling with, and haring one another. Thus did I escape frolick and lively. *Grammerie Roast-meat and Cookery.*

the well for it. How? said Pantagruel. Thus  
 said Panurge: for when with pleasure I beheld  
 the, seeing with my self and having  
 the poor Fire, the poor Fire, you will have a  
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## C H A P. XV.

*How Panurge shewed a very new way to build  
the Walls of Paris.*

**P***antagruel* one Day to refresh himself of his Study, went a walking towards *St. Marcel's* Suburbs, to see the Extravagancy of the *Gobeline* Building, and to taste of their spiced Bread. *Panurge* was with him, having always a Flaggon under his Gown, and a good Slice of a Gammon of Bacon; for without this he never went, saying, That it was his *Life-guard*; other Sword carried he none. And when *Pantagruel* would have given him one, he answered, that he needed none, for that it would but beat his *Feins*. Yea, but (said *Epistemon*) if thou shouldest be set upon, how wouldest thou defend thy self? With great *brodkin* Blows, answered he, provided *Thrusts* were forbidden. At their return, *Panurge* considered the Walls of the City of *Paris*, and in derision said to *Pantagruel*, See what fair *Walls* here are! O how strong they are, and well fitted to keep Geese in a Coop to fatten them! by my Beard they are very sorry *Walls* for such a City as this is; for a Cow with one Fart would go near to overthrow above six fathoms of them. O my Friend (said *Pantagruel*) dost thou know what *Agésilas*

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said, when he was asked, Why the great City of *Lacedemon* was not inclosed with *Walls*? shewing them the Inhabitants and Citizens, so strong, so well armed, and so expert in Military Discipline; *Lo here* (said he) *the Walls of the City*: Signifying thereby, that there is no *Wall* but of *Bones*, and that Towns and Cities cannot have a surer *Wall*, nor better Fortification than the *Prowess* and *Virtue* of the Citizens and Inhabitants. So is this City so strong, by the great number of Warlike People that are in it, that they care not for making any other *Walls*.

Besides, whosoever would go about to wall it, as *Strasbourg*, *Orleans* or *Ferrara*, would find it almost impossible, the Cost and Charges would be so excessive. Yea, but (said *Panurge*) it is good nevertheless to have an *outside of Stone*, when we are invaded by our Enemies, were it but to ask, Who is below there? As for the enormous Expence, which you say would be needful for undertaking the great Work of *walling* this City about, if the Gentlemen of the Town will be pleased to give me a good rough Cup of Wine, I will shew them a pretty, strange and new way how they may build them good cheap. How, said *Panurguel*? Do not speak of it then, (answered *Panurge*) and I will tell it you. I see that the *what d'ye Call*-*ums* of the Women of this Country, are better cheap than Stones: of them should the *Walls* be built, ranging them in  
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good Symmetry by the Rules of *Architecture*, and placing the largest in the first Ranks, then sloping downwards Ridg-ways, like the Back of an Ass; the middle sized ones must be ranked next, and last of all the least and smallest. This done, there must be a fine little interlacing of them, like Points of Diamonds, as is to be seen in the great Tower of *Bourges*, with a like number of the lusty *Catfoes* that dwell in amongst the *claustral* Cod-pieces. What *Devil* were able to overthrow such *Walls*? there is no Metal like it to resist Blows, in so far that if Culverin-shot should come to graze upon it, you would incontinently see distil from thence the blessed Fruit of the great Pox, as small as Rain. Beware in the name of the Devils, and hold off. Furthermore, No Thunderbolt or Lightning would fall upon it; for why? they are all either *blest* or *consecrated*. I see but one Inconveniency in it. Ho, ho, ha, ha, ha, (said *Pantagruel*) and what is that? It is that the Flies would be so lickorish of them, to a Wonder, and would quickly gather there together, and there leave their Ordure and Excretions, and so all the Work would be spoiled. But see how that might be remedied: they must be wiped and made rid of the Flies with fair Fox-tails, or good great Ass-pizzles of *Provence*. And to this purpose I will tell you (as we go to Supper) a brave Example set down by *Frater Lubinus, libro de computationibus mendicantium*.

In the time that the *Beasts* did speak, (which is not yet three Days ago) a poor Lion walking through the Forest of *Bienre*, and saying his own little private Devotions; past under a Tree where there was a roguish Collier gotten up to cut down Wood: who seeing the Lion, cast his Hatchet at him, and wounded him enormously in one of his Legs: whereupon the Lion halting, so long toiled and turmoiled himself in roaming up and down the Forest to find help, till at last he met with a Carpenter, who willingly look'd upon his Wound, cleansed it as well as he could, and filled it with Moss, telling him that he must wipe his Wound well, that the Flies might not do their Excrements in it, whilst he should go search for some *Millefoil*, commonly called the *Carpenter's Herb*. The Lion being thus healed, walked along in the Forrest; at what time, a *sempiternous* old Hag was picking up, and gathering some Sticks in the said Forest, who seeing the Lion coming towards her, for fear fell down backwards, in such sort, that the Wind blew up her Gown, Coats and Smock even as far as above her Shoulders. Which the Lion perceiving, for pity ran to see whether she had taken any hurt by the Fall; and thereupon considering her *what you call it*, said, O poor Woman, who hath thus wounded thee? which Words when he had spoken, he espied a Fox, whom he called to come to him, saying, *Gossip Renard*, hau, hither, hither, and for cause.

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When the Fox was come, he said unto him, My *Gossip* and Friend, they have hurt this good Woman here between the Legs most villanously, and there is a manifest *Solution of Continuity*; see how great a Wound it is, even from the Tail up to the Navel, in measure four, nay full five Hand-fulls and a half; this is the Blow of an Hatchet, I doubt me it is an old Wound, and therefore that the Flies may not get into it, wipe it lustily well and hard, I prethee, both within and without; thou hast a good Tail and long; wipe, my Friend, wipe, I beseech thee, and in the mean while I will go get some Moss to put into it. For thus ought we to succour and help one another. Wipe it hard; thus, my Friend, wipe it well, for this Wound must be often wiped, otherwise the Party cannot be at ease. Go to, wipe well, my little *Gossip*, wipe, God hath furnished thee with a Tail; thou hast a long one, and of a Bigness proportionable, wipe hard and be not weary. A good *Wiper*, who in *wiping* continually, *wipeth* with his *Wipard*, by *Wasps* shall never be wounded. Wipe, my pretty *Minion*, wipe, my little *Bully*, I will not stay long. Then went he to get store of Moss; and when he was a little way off, he cried out in speaking to the Fox thus, Wipe well still, *Gossip*, wipe, and let it never grieve thee to wipe well, my little *Gossip*, I will put thee into Service to be *Wiper* to *Don Pedro de Castille*; wipe, only wipe, and no more. The poor Fox wiped as

hard as he could, here and there, within and without: but the false *old Trot* did so fizzle and foist, that she stunk like a hundred Devils. Which put the poor Fox to a great deal of ill ease; for he knew not to what side to turn himself, to escape the unsavoury Perfume of this old Woman's postern Blasts. And whilst to that effect he was shifting hither and thither, without knowing how to shun the Annoyance of those unwholesom Gusts, he saw that behind there was yet another Hole, not so great as that which he did wipe, out of which came this filthy and infectious Air. The Lion at last returned, bringing with him of Moss more than eighteen Packs would hold, and began to put it into the Wound, with a Staff which he had provided for that purpose; and had already put in full sixteen Packs and a half, at which he was amazed: What a Devil? (said he) this Wound is very deep, it would hold above two Cart-loads of Moss. The Fox perceiving this, said unto the Lion, O *Gossip Lion*, my Friend, I pray thee do not put in all thy Moss there, keep somewhat; for there is yet here another little Hole, that stinks like five hundred Devils. I am almost choaked with the smell thereof, it is so pestiferous and impoisoning.

In this manner (said *Panurge*) must these *Walls* be kept from the Flies; and Wages allowed to some for wiping of them. Then said *Pantagruel*, How dost thou know that the pri-  
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vy Parts of Women are at such a cheap Rate? for in this City there are many vertuous, honest and chaste Women besides the Maids. *Et ubi prenuus*, said *Panurge*? I will give you my Opinion of it, and that upon certain and assured Knowledg. I do not brag that I have burnt four hundred and seventeen, since I came into this City, though it be but nine days ago. But this very Morning I met with a good Fellow, who in a Wallet, such as *Aesop's* was, carried two little Girls of two or three years old at the most, one before, and the other behind. He demanded Alms of me, but I made him answer, that I had more Gods than Pence. Afterwards I asked him, good *Man*, these two Girls are they Maids? *Brother*, said he, I have carried them thus these two years, and in regard of her that is before, whom I see continually, in my Opinion she is a Virgin, nevertheless I will not put my Finger in the Fire for it; as for her that is behind, doubtless I can say nothing. Indeed (said *Pantagruel*) thou art a merry Companion, I will have thee to be apparelled in my Livery: and therefore caused him to be clothed most gallantly according to the Fashion that then was; only that *Panurge* would have the *Cod piece* of his Breeches three Foot-long, and in shape square, not round, which was done, and was well worth the seeing. Often-times was he wont to say that the World had not yet known the Emolument and Utility that is in wearing great *Cod-pieces*;

but Time would one day teach it them, *as all things have been invented in time.*

God keep from hurt (said he) the good Fellow whose great Cod-piece hath saved his Life. God keep from hurt him, whose great Cod-piece hath been worth to him in one day, one hundred threescore thousand and nine Crowns. God keep from hurt him, who by his great Cod-piece hath saved a whole City from dying by Famine. And by G— I will make a Book of the Commodity of *great Cod-pieces*, when I shall have more leasure. And indeed he composed a fair great Book with Figures, but it is not printed as yet that I know of.

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## CHAP. XVI.

### *Of the Qualities and Conditions of Panturge.*

**P**Anturge was of a middle Stature, not too high nor too low, and had somewhat an *Aquiline* Nose, made like the Handle of a Razor. He was at that time five and thirty Years old or thereabouts, fine to gild like a leaden Dagger; for he was a very gallant Man of his Person, only that he was a little lewd, and naturally subject to a kind of Disease, which at that time they called *Lack of Money*; a Malady *Nompareil*: yet notwithstanding he had threescore and three Tricks to help himself at his

his need. Of which, the most honourable and most ordinary, was by the way of filching; for he was a quarrellous Fellow, a Sharper, Drinker, Royster, Scowrer, and a very dissolute and debauch'd Fellow, if there were any in *Paris*; otherwise, and in all Matters else, the best Man in the World. And he was still contriving some Plot, and devising Mischief against the Serjeants and the Watch.

At one time he assembled three or four especial good Hacksters and roaring Boys; made them in the Evening drink like *Templers*, afterwards led them till they came under St. *Genevieve*, or about the College of *Navar*; and at the Hour that the Watch was coming up that way, which he knew by putting his Sword upon the Pavement, and his Ear by it, and when he heard his Sword shake, it was an infallible Sign that the Watch was near at that instant: then he and his Companions took a Tumbril or Dung-cart, and gave it the Brangle, hurling it with all their Force down the Hill, and so overthrew all the poor Watchmen like Pigs, and then ran away upon the other side; for in less than two days, he knew all the Streets, Lanes and Turnings in *Paris*, as well as his *Demi det.*

At another time he made in some fair Place, where the said Watch was to pass, a Train of Gun-powder, and at the very instant that they went along, set fire to it, and then made himself Sport to see what good *Grace*



they had in running away, thinking that St. *Anthony's* Fire had caught them by the Legs. As for the poor *Masters of Arts*, he did persecute them above all others. When he encountered with any of them upon the Street, he would never fail to put some Trick or other upon them; sometimes putting a fry'd Turd in their Graduate Hoods; at other times pinning on little Fox-tails, or Hares-ears behind them, or some such other roguish Prank. One Day that they were appointed all to meet in the *Fodder-street*, he made a *Borbonnesa* Tart, made of store of Gulick, of *Affa fatida*, of *Castoreum*, of Dogs Turds very warm; which he steep'd, temper'd and liquif'd in the corrupt Matter of pocky Biles, and pestiferous Botches; and very early in the Morning, therewith anointed all the Pavement; in such sort, that the Devil could not have endured it. Which made all these good People, there to lay up their Gorges, and vomit what was upon their Stomachs before all the World, as if they had slayed the Fox. And ten or twelve of them died of the Plague; fourteen became Lepers, eighteen grew Lousy, and above seven and twenty had the Pox, but he did not care a Button for it. He commonly carried a Whip under his Gown, wherewith he whipt without remission the Pages, whom he found carrying Wine to their Masters, to make them mend their pace. In his Coat he had above six and twenty little Pabs and Pockets always full, one with some Lead-water, and

and a little Knife as sharp as a Glover's Needle, wherewith he used to cut Purfes: Another with some kind of bitter Stuff, which he threw into the Eyes of those he met: Another with Clot-burs, penned with little Geese or Capons Feathers, which he cast upon the Gowns and Caps of honest People; and often made them fair Horns, which they wore about all the City, sometimes all their Life. Very often also upon the Womens Hoods would he stick in the hind-part somewhat made in the Shape of a Man's Member. In another he had a great many little Horns full of Fleas and Lice, which he borrowed from the Beggars of St. *Innocent*, and cast them with small Canes or Quills to write with, into the Necks of the daintiest Gentlemen that he could find, yea even in the Church; for he never seated himself above in the Quire, but always sat in the Body of the Church amongst the Women, both at *Mass*, at *Vespres*, and at *Sermon*. In another, he used to have good store of Hooks and Buckles, wherewithal he would couple Men and Women together, that sat in company close to one another; but especially those that wore Gowns of Crimson Tassaties, that when they were about to go away, they might rent all their Gowns. In another, he had a Squib furnished with Tinder, Matches, Stones to strike Fire, and all other Tackling necessary for it. In another, two or three burning Glasses, wherewith he made both Men and Women some-

sometimes mad, and in the Church put them quite out of Countenance; for he said that there was but an *Antistrophe* between a Woman; *folle a la messe*, and *molle a la fesse*.

In another, he had a good deal of Needles and Thread, wherewith he did a thousand little devillish Pranks. One time at the entry, of the Palace unto the great Hall, where a *Corde-lier* was to say *Mass* to the Counsellors; he did help to apparel him, and put on his Vestments; but in the accoutring of him, he sowed on his *Alb*, Surplice or Stole, to his Gown and Shirt, and then withdrew himself, when the said Lords of the Court, or Counsellors, came to hear the said *Mass*: but when it came to the *Ite, missa est*, that the poor *Frater* would have laid by his *Stole*, or Surplice, he plucked off withal both his Frock and Shirt which were well sowed together, and thereby stripping himself up to the very Shoulders, shewed his *what da you Call-um* to all the World, which was no small one, as you may imagine: and the Friar still kept haling, but so much the more did he discover himself, and lay open his Back-parts, till one of the Lords of the Court said, How now, what's the matter? will this good *Father* make us here an Offering of his Tail to kiss it? nay, St. *Anthony's Fire* kiss it for us. From thenceforth was made an *Ordinance* that the poor *Fathers* should never disrobe themselves any more before the World, but in their Vestry-room, especially

pecially in the presence of Women, lest it should tempt them to the Sin of *Longing*, and disordinate Desire. The People then asked, why it was the *Friars* had so long and large Genitories? the said *Panurge* resolved the *Problem* very neatly, saying, That which makes Asses to have such great Ears, is that their Dams did put no Biggins on their Heads, as *Alliaco* mentioneth in his *Suppositions*; by the like Reason, that which makes the Generation-Tools of those fair *Fraters* so long, is, for that they ware no bottomed Breeches, and therefore their jolly Member having no Impediment, hangeth dangling at liberty, as far as it can reach, with a wigle-wagle down to their Knees, as Woman carry their *Patinotre* Beads. And the cause wherefore they have it so correspondently great, is, that in this constant wig-wagging the Humours of the Body descend into the said Member: for according to the *Legists*, Agitation and continual Motion is cause of Attraction.

*Item*, He had another Pocket full of itching Powder, called *Stone-allum*; whereof he would cast some into the Backs of those Women, whom he judged to be most beautiful and stately, which did so ticklishly gall them, that some would strip themselves in the open view of the World, and others dance like a Cock upon hot Embers, or a Drum-stick on a Tabor: others again ran about the Streets, and he would run after them: to such as were in the

the stripping Vein, he would very civilly come to offer his Attendance, and cover them with his Cloak, like a courteous and very gracious Man.

*Item*, In another he had a little Leather-bottle full of old Oil; wherewith, when he saw any Man or Woman in a rich new handfom Sute, he would grease, smutch and spoil all the best parts of it under colour and pretence of touching them, saying, This is good Cloth, this is good Sattin, good Tassaties; *Madam*, God give you all that your noble Heart desireth: you have a new Sute, *pretty Sir*; and you a new Gown, *sweet Mistris*, God give you Joy of it, and maintain you in all Prosperity; and with this would lay his Hand upon their Shoulder; at which touch such a villanous Spot was left behind, so enormously engraven to Perpetuity in the very Soul, Body and Reputation, that the Devil himself could never have taken it away. Then upon his departing, he would say, *Madam*, take heed you do not fall, for there is a filthy great Hole before you.

Another he had all full of *Euphorbium*, very finely pulverized: in that Powder did he lay a fair Handkerchief curiously wrought, which he had stolen from a pretty Seamstress of the Palace, in taking away a Louse from off her Bosom, which he had put there himself. And when he came into the Company of some good Ladies, he would trifle them into a Discourse of  
some



some fine Workmanship of Bone-lace; then immediately put his Hand into their Bosom, asking them, And this Work, is it of *Flanders*, or of *Hainault*? and then drew out his Handkerchief, and said, Hold, hold, look what Work here is, it is of *Fontiman* or of *Fontarabia*: and shaking it hard at their Nose, made them sneeze for four Hours without ceasing. In the mean while he would fart like a Horse, and the Women would laugh, and say, How now, do you fart *Panurge*? No, no, Madam, (said he) I do but tune my Tail to the plain Song of the Musick, which you make with your Nose. In another he had a Picklock, a Pellican, a Cramp-iron, a Crook, and some other Iron Tools, wherewith there was no Door nor Coffer which he would not pick open. He had another full of little Cups, wherewith he played very artificially; for he had his Fingers made to his Hand, like those of *Minerva* or *Arachne*, and had heretofore cried *Triacle*. And when he changed a *Teston*, *Cardecu*, or any other piece of Money, the Changer had been more subtil than a Fox, if *Panurge* had not at every time made five or six *Sols*, vanish away invisibly, openly and manifestly, without making any Hurt or Lesion, whereof the Changer should have felt nothing but the Wind.

## C H A P. XVII.

*How Panurge gained the Pardons, and married the old Women; and of the Suit in Law which he had at Paris.*

ONE Day I found *Panurge* very much out of countenance, melancholick and silent, which made me suspect that he had no Money; whereupon I said unto him, *Panurge* you are sick, as I do very well perceive by your Physiognomy; and I know the Disease, you have a Flux in your Purse; but take no care, I have yet seven Pence half-penny, that never saw Father nor Mother, which shall not be wanting no more than the Pox in your necessity. Whereunto he answered me, Well, well, for Money, one Day I shall have but too much; for I have a *Philosopher's Stone*, which attracts Money out of Mens Purses, as the Adamant doth Iron. But will you go with me to gain the *Pardons*, said he? By my Faith (said I) I am no great *Pardon-taker* in this World; if I shall be any such in the other, I cannot tell. Yet let us go in God's Name, it is but one Farthing more or less. But (said he) lend me then a Farthing upon interest? No, no, (said I) I will give it you freely, and from my Heart, *Grates vobis dominos*, said he.

So we went along, beginning at *St. Gervase*, and I got the *Pardons* at the first *Box* only; for in those Matters very little contenteth me. Then did I say my *small Suffrages*, and the Prayers of *St. Brigid*; but he gained them at all the *Boxes*, and always gave Money to every one of the *Pardoners*. From thence we went to our *Ladies Church*, to *St. John's*, to *St. Anthony's*, and so to the other Churches, where there was a *Banquet of Pardons*; for my part, I gained no more of them. But he at all the *Boxes* kissed the *Relicks*, and gave at every one. To be brief, when we were returned, he brought me to drink at the *Castle-Tavern*, and there shewed me ten or twelve of his little Bags full of Money; at which I blest my self, and made the *Sign of the Cross*, saying, Where have you recovered so much Money in so little time? Unto which he answered me, that he had taken it out of the *Basons* of the *Pardons*. For in giving them the first Farthing (said he) I put it in with such slight of hand, and so dexterously, that it appeared to be a Three-pence; thus with one Hand I took Three-pence, Nine-pence or Six-pence at the least, and with the other as much, and so through all the Churches where we have been.

Yea, but (said I) you damn your self like a *Snake*, and are withal a *Thief* and *Sacrilegious* Person. True, (said he) in your Opinion, but I am not of that Mind; for the *Pardoners* do

do give me it, when they say unto me in presenting the *Relicks* to kiss, *Centuplum accipies*; that is, that for one Penny I should take a hundred. For *Accipies* is spoken according to the manner of the Hebrews, who use the future Tense instead of the Imperative, as you have in the Law, *Diliges Dominum*; that is, *dilige*: Even so when the *Pardon-Bearer* says to me, *Centuplum accipies*; his meaning is, *Centuplum accipe*: and so doth *Rabbi Kimi*, and *Rabbi Aben Ezra* expound it, and all the *Masforets*, & *ibi Bartholm.*

Moreover, Pope *Sixtus* gave me fifteen hundred Francks of yearly Pension upon his Ecclesiastical Revenues and Treasure, for having cured him of a *Cankrous Boteb*, which did so torment him, that he thought to have been a Cripple by it all his life. Thus I do pay myself at my own hand (for otherways I get nothing) upon the said Ecclesiastical Treasure.

Ho, my Friend! (said he) if thou didst know how well I feathered my Nest, by the Pope's Bull of the *Croisade*, thou wouldest wonder exceedingly. It was worth to me above six thousand *Florins*. And what a Devil is become of them? said I; for of that Money thou hast not one Half-penny. They returned from whence they came, (said he) they did no more but change their Master.

But I employed at least three thousand of them in marrying (not young Virgins, for they find but too many Husbands) but great  
old

old *sempiternous* Trats; which had not so much as one Tooth in their Heads. And that out of the Consideration I had, that these good old Women had very well spent the time of their Youth in playing at the Close-buttock-game to all Comers, serving the foremost first, till no Man would have any more dealing with them. And by G— I will have their Skin-coat shaken once yet before they die. By this means, to one I gave a hundred Florins, to another six score, to another three hundred, according as they were infamous, detestable and abominable. For by how much the more horrible and execrable they were, so much the more must I needs have given them, otherways the Devil would not have jum'd them. Presently I went to some great and fat Wood-porters, or such like, and did my self make the Match; but before I did shew him the *old Hags*, I made a fair muster to him of the Crowns, saying, *Good Fellow*, see what I will give thee, if thou wilt but condescend to duffle, disfredaille, or lecher it one good bout. . Then began the poor Rogues to gape like old Mules, and I caused to be provided for them a Banquet, with Drink of the best, and store of Spiceries, to put the old Women in rut and heat of Lust. To be short, they occupied all like good Souls; only to those that were horribly ugly and ill-favoured, I caused their Heads to be put within a Bag, to hide their Face.

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Besides all this, I have lost a great deal in *Suits of Law*. And what *Law-Suits* couldst thou have, said I? thou hast neither House nor Lands. My Friend, (said he) the *Gentlewomen* of this City had found out, by the instigation of the Devil of Hell, a manner of high-mounted *Gorgetts*, and Neckerchiefs for Women, which did so closely cover their Bosoms, that Men could no more put their Hands under; for they had put the Slit behind, and those Neck-cloths were wholly shut before; whereat the poor sad contemplative Lovers were much discontented. Upon a fair *Tuesday*, I presented a Petition to the *Court*, making myself a Party against the said *Gentlewomen*, and shewing the great Interest that I pretended therein, protesting that by the same reason, I would cause the *Cod-piece* of my Breeches to be sowed behind, if the *Court* would not take order for it. In sum, the *Gentlewomen* put in their Defences, shewed the Grounds they went upon, and constituted their *Attorney* for the prosecuting of the Cause; but I pursued them so vigorously, that by a Sentence of the *Court* it was decreed, those *high Neck-cloths* should be no longer worn, if they were not a little cleft and open before: but it cost me a good Sum of Money. I had another very filthy and beastly Process against Master *Foh-foh* and his Deputies, that they should no more read privily the Pipe, Punchon, nor quart of Sentences; but in fair full-day, and that in the  
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*Fodder-Schools*, in face of the *Arrian* Sophisters, where I was ordained to pay the Charges, by reason of some *Claufe* mistaken in the Relation of the *Serjeant*.

Another time I framed a Complaint to the Court, against the *Mules* of the Presidents, Counsellors and others, tending to this purpose; that when in the lower Court of the Palace, they left them to champ on their Bridles, some Bibs might be made for them, that with their Drivelling they might not spoil the Pavement, to the end, that the Pages of the Palace might play upon it at Dice, or Coxbody at their own ease, without spoiling their Breeches at the Knees. And for this I had a fair *Decree*, but it cost me dear. Now reckon up what Expence I was at in little Banquets, which from Day to Day I made to the Pages of the Palace. And to what end, said I? My Friend (said he) thou hast no pass-time at all in this World, I have more than the King; and if thou wilt join thy self with me, we will do the Devil together.

No, no, (said I) by St. *Adauras* that will I not, for thou wilt be hanged one time or another. And thou (said he) wilt be *interred* sometime or other. Now which is most honourable, the Air or the Earth? Ha, *grosse Pecore*.

Whilst the Pages are at their Banqueting, I keep their Mules, and to some one I cut the Stirrup-leather of the Mounting side, till it hang  
but

but by a thin Strap or Thread, that when the great Puff-guts of the Counsellor or some other hath taken his Swing to get up, he may fall flat on his Side like a Pork, and so furnish the Spectators with more than a hundred Francks worth of Laughter. But I laugh yet further, to think how at his home-coming the Master-page is to be whipp'd like green Rie, which makes me not to repent what I have bestowed in feasting them. In brief, he had (as I said before) threescore and three Ways to acquire Money, but he had two hundred and fourteen to spend it, besides his Drinking.

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## C H A P XVIII.

*How a great Scholar of England would have argued against Pantagruel, and was overcome by Panurge.*

**I**N that same time a certain learned Man, named *Thaumast*, hearing the Fame and Renown of *Pantagruel's* incomparable Knowledge, came out of his own Countrey of *England*, with an Intent only to see him, to try thereby, and prove, whether his Knowledge in Effect was so great as it was reported to be. In this Resolution, being arrived at *Paris*, he went forthwith unto the House of *Pantagruel*, who was lodged in the Palace of *St. Denys*, and was then walking in the Garden with *Panurge*,  
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philosophizing after the Fashion of the Peripateticks. At his first Entrance he startled, and was almost out of his Wits for Fear, seeing him so great and so tall; then did he salute him courteously, as the Manner is, and said unto him, Very true it is, saith *Plato* the Prince of Philosophers, that if *the Image of Knowledge and Wisdom were corporeal and visible to the Eyes of Mortals, it would stir up all the World to admire her.* Which we may the rather believe, that the very bare Report thereof, scattered in the Air, if it happen to be received into the Ears of Men, who for being studious, and Lovers of vertuous things, are called Philosophers, doth not suffer them to sleep nor rest in Quiet, but so pricketh them up, and sets them on fire, to run unto the Place where the Person is, in whom the said Knowledge is said to have built her Temple, and uttered her Oracles; as it was manifestly shewn unto us in the *Queen of Sheba*, who came from the utmost Borders of the East and Persian Sea, to see the Order of *Solomon's House*, and to hear his Wisdom. In *Anacharsis*, who came out of *Scythia*, even unto *Athens*, to see *Solon*. In *Pythagoras*, who travelled far to visit the *Memphical Vasticinators*. In *Platon*, who went a great way off to see the Magicians of *Egypt*, and *Architus* of *Tarentum*. In *Apollonius Tiansanus*, who went as far as unto Mount *Caucasus*, passed along the *Scythians*, the *Massagetas*, the *Indians*, and sailed over the great Ri-

ver *Phison*, even to the *Brachmans*, to see *Hierarchai*: As likewise unto *Babylon*, *Chaldea*, *Media*, *Assyria*, *Parthia*, *Syria*, *Phenicia*, *Arabia*, *Palestina* and *Alexandria*, even unto *Ethiopia*, to see the *Gymnosophists*. The like Example have we of *Titus Livius*, whom to see and hear divers studious Persons, came to *Rome*, from the Confines of *France* and *Spain*. I dare not reckon my self in the Number of those so excellent Persons, but well would be called studious, and a Lover, not only of Learning, but of learned Men also. And indeed, having heard the Report of your so inestimable Knowledge, I have left my Country, my Friends, my Kindred and my House, and am come thus far, valuing at nothing the length of the Way, the Tedioufness of the Sea, nor Strangeness of the Land, and that only to see you, and to confer with you about some Passages in *Philosophy*, of *Geomancie*, and of the *Cabalistick Art*; whereof I am doubtful, and cannot satisfy my Mind; which if you can resolve, I yield my self unto you for a Slave henceforward, together with all my Posterity; for other Gift have I none, that I can esteem a Recompence sufficient for so great a Favour. I will reduce them into Writing, and to Morrow publish them to all the learned Men in the City, that we may dispute publicly before them.

But see in what manner, I mean that we shall dispute. I will not argue *pro & contra*,



as do the sottish *Sophisters* of this Town, and other Places. Likewise I will not dispute after the manner of the *Academicks*, by Declamation. Nor yet by Numbers, as *Pythagoras* was wont to do, and as *Picus de la mirandula* did of late at *Rome*. But I will dispute by Signs only, without speaking; for the Matters are so abstruse, hard and arduous, that Words proceeding from the Mouth of Man, will never be sufficient for unfolding of them to my liking. May it therefore please your Magnificence to be there, it shall be at the great Hall of *Navarre*, at seven a Clock in the Morning. When he had spoke these Words, *Pantagruel* very honourably said unto him, Sir, of the Graces that God hath bestowed upon me, I would not deny to communicate unto any Man to my Power; for whatever comes from him is good, and his Pleasure is, that it should be increased when we come amongst Men worthy and he to receive this celestial *Manna* of honest *Literature*. In which Number, because that in this Time (as I do already very plainly perceive) thou holdest the first Rank, I give thee Notice that at all Hours thou shalt find me ready to condescend to every one of thy Requests, according to my poor Ability: although I ought rather to learn of thee, than thou of me; but as thou hast protested, we will confer of these Doubts together, and will seek out the Resolution, even unto the bottom of that *undrainable* Well, where *Heraclitus* says the Truth lies

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hidden. And I do highly commend the manner of arguing which thou hast proposed, to wit, by *Signs* without speaking; for by this Means thou and I shall understand one another well enough, and yet shall be free from this clapping of Hands, which these blockish *Sophisters* make, when any of the Arguers hath gotten the better of the Argument. Now to Morrow I will not fail to meet thee at the Place and Hour that thou hast appointed; but let me intreat thee that there be not any Strife or Up-roar between us, and that we seek not the Honour and Applause of Men, but the Truth only. To which *Thaumast* answered, The Lord God maintain you in his Favour and Grace; and instead of my Thankfulness to you, pour down his Blessings upon you, for that your Highness and magnificent Greatness hath not disdain'd to descend to the Grant of the Request of my poor Baseness; so farewell till to Morrow. Farewel, said *Pantagruel*. Gentlemen, you that read this present Discourse, think not that ever Men were more elevated and transported in their Thoughts, than all this Night were both *Thaumast* and *Pantagruel*: for *Thaumast* said to the Keeper of the House of *Cluny*, where he was lodged, that in all his Life he had never known himself so dry as he was that Night: I think (said he) that *Pantagruel* held me by the Throat: Give Order, I pray you, that we may have some Drink, and see that some fresh Water be brought to us to gargle my Palat.

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On the other side *Pantagruel* stretched his Wits as high as he could, entring into very deep and serious Meditations, and did nothing all that Night but plod upon, and turn over the Book of *Beda*, *de Numeris & Signis*. *Plotinus's* Book, *de Inenarrabilibus*. The Book of *Proclus*, *de Magia*. The Book of *Artemidorus*, *ὧς ὁνειροκριτικῶν*. Of *Anaxagoras*, *ὧς ὁμνείων*. *Dinarius*, *ὧς ἀφάτων*. The Books of *Philistion*. *Hipponax*, *ὧς ὁνειροκριτικῶν*; and a Rabble of others, so long, that *Panurge* said unto him,

My Lord, leave all these Thoughts, and go to Bed; for I perceive your Spirits to be so troubled by a too intensive bending of them, that you may easily fall into some *Quotidian Fever* with this so excessive thinking and plodding: but having first drank twenty five, or thirty good Draughts, retire your self and sleep your fill; for in the Morning I will argue against, and answer your *Monsieur* the Englishman; and if I drive him not *ad metam non loqui*, then call me Knave. Yea but (said he) my Friend *Panurge*, he is marvellously learned, how wilt thou be able to answer him? Very well, (answered *Panurge*) I pray you talk no more of it, but let me alone; is any Man so learned as the Devils are? No, indeed (said *Pantagruel*) without God's especial Grace. Yet for all that (said *Panurge*) I have argued against them, gravelled and blanked them in Disputation, and laid them so squat upon their

Tails, that I have made them look like Monkeys : therefore be assured, that to Morrow I will make this vain-glorious *Englishman* to skite Vinegar before all the World. So *Panurge* spent the Night with tipling amongst the Pages, and played away all the Points of his Breeches at *primus secundus*, and at Peckpoint. Yet when the appointed Time was come, he failed not to conduct his Master *Pantagruel* to the Place, unto which (believe me) there was neither great nor small in *Paris* but came, thinking with themselves that this devilish *Pantagruel*, who had overthrown and vanquished in Dispute all these doting *flesh-water* Sophisters, would now get full Payment, and be tickled to some purpose ; for this *Englishman* is another Devil of a Disputant ; we will see who will be Conqueror.

Thus all-being assembled, *Thaumast* stayed for them ; and then when *Pantagruel* and *Panurge* came into the Hall, all the School-boys, Professors of Arts, Senior-Sophisters and Bachelors began to clap their Hands, as their scurvy Custom is : but *Pantagruel* cried out with a loud Voice, as if it had been the Sound of a double Cannon, saying, Peace, with a Devil to you, Peace ; by G— you Rogues, if you trouble me here, I will cut off the Heads of every one of you. At which Words they remained all daunted and astonished, like so many Ducks, and durst not do so much as cough, although they had swallowed fifteen Pounds of

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Feathers: withal they grew so dry with this only Voice, that they laid out their Tongues a full half Foot beyond their Mouths, as if *Pantagruel* had *salted all their Throats*. Then began *Panurge* to speak, saying to the *Englishman*, Sir, are you come hither to dispute contentiously in those Propositions you have set down, or otherways but to learn and know the Truth? To which answered *Thaumaft*, Sir, no other thing brought me hither, but the great Desire I had to learn, and to know that of which I have doubted all my Life long, and have neither found Book nor Man able to content me in the Resolution of those Doubts which I have proposed. And as for disputing contentiously, I will not do it, for it is too base a thing, and therefore leave it to those foolish *Sophisters*, who in their Disputes do not search for the Truth, but for Contradiction only and Debate. Then said *Panurge*, If I who am but a mean and inconsiderable Disciple of my Master my Lord *Pantagruel*, content and satisfy you in all and every thing, it were a thing below my said Master, wherewith to trouble him: therefore is it fitter that he be Chair-man, and sit as a Judge and Moderator of our Discourse and Purpose, and give you Satisfaction in many things, wherein perhaps I shall be wanting to your Expectation. Truly (said *Thaumaft*) it is very well said: begin then. Now you must note that *Panurge* had set at the End of his long *Codpiece* a pretty Tuft



of red Silk, as also of white, green and blew, and within it had put a fair Orange.

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## C H A P. XIX.

*How Panurge put to a non-plus the Englishman that argued by Signs.*

EVERY Body then taking heed, and harkning with great Silence, the *English-man* lift up on high into the Air his two Hands severally, clinching in all the Tops of his Fingers together, after the manner they call *en Chinan-nou*, the Hens Arse, and struck the one Hand on the other by the Nails four several times: then he opening them, struck the one with the flat of the other, till it yielded a clashing Noise, and that only once: again in joining them as before he struck twice, and afterwards four times in opening them; then did he lay them joined, and extended the one towards the other, as if he had been devoutly to send up his Prayers unto God. *Panurge* suddenly lifted up in the Air his right Hand, and put the Thumb thereof into the Nostril of the same Side, holding his four Fingers streight out, and closed orderly in a parallel Line to the Point of his Nose, shutting the left Eye wholly, and making the other wink with a profound Depression of the Eye-brows and Eye-lids. Then lifted he up his left Hand, with hard wring-

wringing and stretching forth his four Fingers, and elevating his Thumb, which he held in a Line directly correspondent to the Situation of his right Hand, with the Distance of a Cubit and a half between them. This done, in the same Form he abased towards the Ground, both the one and the other Hand. Lastly, he held them in the midst, as aiming right at the *English-man's* Nose. And if *Mercurie*, said the *English-man*—: there *Panurge* interrupted him, and said, You have spoken *Mask*.

Then made the *English-man* this Sign, his left Hand all open he lifted up into the Air, then instantly shut into his Fist the four Fingers thereof, and his Thumb extended at length he placed upon the Gristle of his Nose. Presently after he lifted up his right Hand all open, and all open abased and bent it downwards, putting the Thumb thereof in the very Place where the little Finger of the left Hand did close in the Fist, and the four right-Hand-Fingers he softly moved in the Air. Then contrarily he did with the right Hand what he had done with the left, and with the left what he had done with the right.

*Panurge* being not a whit amazed at this, drew out into the Air his *Trismegist* Codpiece with the left Hand, and with his right drew forth a Trunchion of a white Ox-rib, and two Pieces of Wood of a like Form, one of black Eben, and the other of Incarnation Brasil, and put them betwixt the Fingers of that Hand in

good Symmetrie: then knocking them together, made such a Noise as the *Lepers* of *Britainie* use to do with their clappering Clickets, yet better resounding, and far more harmonious, and with his Tongue contracted in his Mouth, did very merrily warble it, always looking fixedly upon the English man. The Divines, Physicians and Chirurgions that were there, thought that by this *Sign* he would have inferred that the English-man was a *Leper*. The Counsellors, Lawyers and Decretalists conceived, that by doing this, he would have concluded some kind of *mortal Felicity* to consist in *Leprosie*, as the Lord maintained heretofore.

The English-man for all this was nothing daunted, but holding up his two Hands in the Air, kept them in such Form, that he closed the three Master-fingers in his Fist; and passing his Thumbs thorow his indicall and middle Fingers, his auricular Fingers remained extended and stretched out, and so presented he them to *Panurge*: then joined he them so, that the right Thumb touched the left, and the left little Finger touched the right. Hereat *Panurge*, without speaking one Word, lift up his Hands and made this *Sign*.

He put the Nail of the Forefinger of his left Hand, to the Nail of the Thumb of the same, making in the middle of the Distance as it were a Buckle, and of his right Hand shut up all the Fingers into his Fist, except the Forefinger

ger which he often thrust in and out through the said two others of the left Hand : then stretched he out the Forefinger and middle Finger or medical of his right Hand, holding them asunder as much as he could, and thrusting them towards *Thaumast*. Then did he put the Thumb of his left Hand upon the Corner of his left Eye, stretching out all his Hand like the Wing of a Bird, or the Fin of a Fish, and moving it very daintily this way and that way; he did as much with his right Hand upon the Corner of his right Eye. *Thaumast* began then to wax somewhat pale, and to tremble, and made him this *Sign*.

With the middle Finger of his right Hand he struck against the Muscle of the Palm or Pulp, which is under the Thumb : then put he the Forefinger of the right Hand in the like Buckle of the left, but he put it under and not over, as *Panurge* did. Then *Panurge* knocked one Hand against another, and blowed in his Palm, and put again the Forefinger of his right Hand into the Overture or Mouth of the left, pulling it often in and out : then held he out his Chin, most intensively looking upon *Thaumast*. The People there which understood nothing in the other Signs, knew very well what therein he demanded, without speaking a Word to *Thaumast* : What do you mean by that? In Effect, *Thaumast* then began to sweat great Drops, and seemed to all the Spectators a Man strangely ravished in high

Contemplation. Then he bethought himself, and put all the Nails of his left Hand against those of his right, opening his Fingers as if they had been Semicircles, and with this Sign lift up his Hands as high as he could. Whereupon *Panurge* presently put the Thumb of his right Hand under his Jaws, and the little Finger thereof in the Mouth of the left Hand, and in this Posture made his Teeth to sound very melodiously, the upper against the lower. With this *Thaumast* with great Toil and Vexation of Spirit rose up, but in rising let a great Bakers Fart, for the Bran came after; and pissing withal very strong Vineger, stunk like all the Devils in Hell. The Company began to stop their Nose; for he had conskitted himself with meer Anguish and Perplexity. Then lifted he up his right Hand, clinching it in such sort, that he brought the Ends of all his Fingers to meet together; and his left Hand he hid flat upon his Breast. Whereat *Panurge* drew out his long Codpiece with his Tuft, and stretched it forth a Cubit and a half, holding it in the Air with his right Hand, and with his left took out his Orange, and casting it up into the Air seven times, at the eighth he hid it in the Fist of his right Hand, holding it steadily up on high, and then began to shake his fair Codpiece, shewing it to *Thaumast*.

After that *Thaumast* began to puff up his two Cheeks like a Player on a Bagpipe, and blew as if he had been to puff up a Pig's Bladder.



## Chap. XIX. WORKS.

der. Whereupon *Panurge* put one Finger of his left Hand in his Nockandrow, and with his Mouth suck'd in the Air, in such a manner as when one eats Oysters in the Shell, or when we sup up our Broth: this done, he opened his Mouth somewhat, and struck his right Hand flat upon it, making therewith a great and a deep Sound, as if it came from the Superficies of the *Diaphragma* through the *Trachiotere*: and this he did for sixteen Times; but *Thaumast* did always keep blowing like a Goose. Then *Panurge* put the Forefinger of his right Hand into his Mouth, pressing it very hard to the Muscles thereof: then he drew it out, and withal made a great Noise, as when little Boys shoot Pellets out of the Pot-cannons made of the hollow Sticks of the Branch of an Elder-tree; and he did it nine times.

Then *Thaumast* cried out, Ha, my Masters, a great Secret: with this he put in his Hand up to the Elbow; then drew out a Dagger that he had, holding it by the Point downwards. Whereat *Panurge* took his long Cod-piece, and shook it as hard as he could against his Thighs; then put his two Hands intertwined in manner of a Comb upon his Head, laying out his Tongue as far as he was able; and turning his Eyes in his Head, like a Goat that is ready to die. Ha, I understand (said *Thaumast*) but what? making such a Sign, that he put the Haft of his Dagger against his Breast, and

and upon the Point thereof the flat of his Hand, turning in a little the Ends of his Fingers; whereat *Panurge* held down his Head on the left side, and put his middle Finger into his right Ear, holding up his Thumb bolt upright; then he cross'd his two Arms upon his Breast, and coughed five times, and at the fifth time he struck his right Foot against the Ground: then he lift up his left Arm, and closing all his Fingers into his Fist, held his Thumb against his Forehead, striking with his right Hand six times against his Breast. But *Thaumast*, as not content therewith, put the Thumb of his left Hand upon the Top of his Nose, shutting the rest of his said Hand. Whereupon *Panurge* set his two Master-fingers upon each side of his Mouth, drawing it as much as he was able, and widening it so, that he shewed all his Teeth: and with his two Thumbs pluck'd down his two Eye-lids very low, making therewith a very ill-favour'd Countenance, as it seemed to the Company.

## C H A P. XX.

*How Thaumast relateth the Vertues and Knowledge of Panurge.*

**T**Hen *Thaumast* rose up, and putting off his Cap, did very kindly thank the said *Panurge*, and with a loud Voice said unto all the People that were there, *My Lords, Gentlemen, and others*, at this time may I to some good Purpose speak that Evangelical Word, *Et ecce plus quàm Salomon hic*. You have here in your Presence an incomparable Treasure, that is, my Lord *Pantagruel*, whose great Renown hath brought me hither, out of the very Heart of *England*, to confer with him about the insoluble Problems, both in *Magick, Alchymy, the Caballe, Geomancy, Astrology* and *Philosophy*, which I had in my Mind. But at present I am angry, even with Fame it self, which I think was envious to him, for that it did not declare the thousandth Part of the Worth that indeed is in him. You have seen how his Disciple only hath satisfied me, and hath told me more than I asked of him: besides, he hath opened unto me and resolved other inestimable Doubts, wherein I can assure you he hath to me discovered the very true Well, Fountain and Abyss of the *Encyclopedie* of Learning; yea in such a sort, that

that I did not think I should ever have found a Man that could have made his Skill appear, in so much as the first Elements of that concerning which we disputed by *Signs*, without speaking either Word or half Word. But in fine, I will reduce into Writing that which we have said and concluded, that the World may not take them to be Fooleries, and will hereafter cause them to be printed, that every one may learn as I have done. Judge then what the Master had been able to say, seeing the Disciple hath done so valiantly; for, *Nam est Discipulus super Magistrum*. Howsoever God be praised, and I do very humbly thank you for the Honour that you have done us at this Act: God reward you for it eternally. The like Thanks gave *Pantagruel* to all the Company; and going from thence, he carried *Thaumast* to Dinner with him, and believe that they drank as much as their Skins could hold; or, as the Phrase is, with unbottomed Bellies, (for in that Age they made fast their Bellies with Buttons, as we do now the Collars of our Doublets) even till they neither knew where they were, nor whence they came. *Blessed Lady*, how they did carouze it, and pluck (as we say) at the Kids Leather; and Flaggons to trot, and they to toot, Draw, give (Page) some Wine; here, reach hither, fill with a Devil, so? There was not one but did drink five and twenty or thirty Pipes, can you tell how? even *sicut terra sine aqua*; for the

the Weather was hot; and besides that, they were very dry. In Matter of the Exposition of the Propositions set down by *Thaumaft*; and the Signification of the *Signs* which they used in their Disputation, I would have set them down for you according to their own Relation; but I have been told that *Thaumaft* made a great Book of it, imprinted at *London*, wherein he hath set down all without omitting any thing, and therefore at this Time I do pass by it.

## C H A P. XXI.

*How Panurge was in love with a Lady of Paris.*

**P**anurge began to be in great Reputation in the City of *Paris*, by Means of this Disputation, wherein he prevailed against the English-man, and from thenceforth made his *Codpiece* to be very useful to him, to which Effect he had it pinked with pretty little Embroideries, after the *Romanesca* Fashion: And the World did praise him publicly, in so far that there was a Song made of him, which little Children did use to sing when they went to fetch Mustard. He was withal made welcome in all Companies of Ladies and Gentlewomen; so that at last he became presumptuous, and went about to bring to his lure one of the greatest Ladies in the City: And indeed leaving



leaving a Rabble of long Prologues and Protestations, which ordinarily these dolent contemplative *Lent-lovers* make, who never meddle with the Fleth; one Day he said unto her, *Madam*, it would be a very great Benefit to the Commonwealth, delightful to you, honourable to your Progeny, and necessary for me, that I cover you for the propagating of my Race; and believe it, for Experience will teach it you. The Lady at this Word thrust him back above a hundred Leagues, saying, You mischievous Fool, is it for you to talk thus unto me? whom do you think you have in hand? be gone, never to come in my Sight again; for if one thing were not, I would have your Legs and Arms cut off.

Well, (said he) that were all one to me, to want both Legs and Arms, provided you and I had but one merry bout together at the brangle Buttock-game; for here within is (in shewing her his long *Codpiece*) Master *John Thursday*, who will play you such an *Amick*, that you shall feel the Sweetness thereof even to the very Marrow of your Bones: He is a Gallant, and doth so well know how to find out all the Corners, Creeks and ingrained Inmates in your carnal Trap, that after him there needs no Broom, he'll sweep so well before, and leave nothing to his Followers to work upon. Whereunto the Lady answered, Go Villain, go, if you speak to me one such Word more, I will cry out, and make you to be

be knocked down with Blows. Ha, (said he) you are not so bad as you say, no, or else I am deceived in your Physiognomy; for sooner shall the Earth mount up unto the Heavens, and the highest Heavens descend unto the Hells, and all the Course of Nature be quite perverted, than that in so great Beauty and Neatness as in you is, there should be one Drop of Gall or Malice: They say indeed, that hardly shall a Man ever see a fair Woman that is not also stubborn; yet that is spoke only of those vulgar Beauties, but yours is so excellent, so singular, and so heavenly, that I believe Nature hath given it you as a Paragon and Master-piece of her Art, to make us know what she can do, when she will imploy all her Skill, and all her Power. There is nothing in you but Honey, but Sugar, but a sweet and celestial Manna. To you it was to whom *Paris* ought to have adjudged the golden Apple, not to *Venus*, no nor to *Juno*, nor to *Minerva*; for never was there so much Magnificence in *Juno*, so much Wisdom in *Minerva*, nor so much Comeliness in *Venus*, as there is in you.

O heavenly Gods and Goddesses! how happy shall that Man be to whom you will grant the Favour to embrace her; to kiss her, and to rub his Bacon with hers? by G— that shall be I, I know it well; for she loves me already her Belly full, I am sure of it; and so was I predestinated to it by the *Fairies*. And therefore

fore that we lose no Time, put on, thrust out your Gamons: Then he would have imbraced her; but she made as if she would put out her Head at the Window, to call her Neighbours for Help. Then *Panurge* on a sudden ran out, and in his running away said, *Madam*, stay here till I come again, I will go call them myself, do not you take so much Pains. Thus went he away, not much caring for the Repulse he had got, nor made he any whit the worse cheer for it. The next Day he came to the Church, at the Time that she went to *Mass*; at the Door he gave her some of the *Holy Water*, bowing himself very low before her: afterwards he kneeled down by her very familiarly, and said unto her, *Madam*, know that I am so amorous of you, that I can neither piss nor dung for love: I do not know (*Lady*) what you mean, but if I should take any hurt by it, how much would you be to blame?

Go, said she, go, I do not care, let me alone to say my Prayers. Ay but (said he) equivocate upon a *Beaumont le viconte*. I cannot, said she. It is, said he, *a bean con le vic monse*: and upon this pray to God to give you that which your noble Heart desireth; and I pray you give me these *Patenotres*. Take them (said she) and trouble me no longer. This done, she would have taken off her *Patenotres*, which were made of a kind of yellow Stone called *Cestrin*, and adorned with great Spots of Gold; but *Panurge* nimbly drew out one of

of his Knives, wherewith he cut them off very handsomly; and whilst he was going away to carry them to the Brokers, he said to her, Will you have my Knife? No, no, said she. But (said he) to the Point, I am at your Commandment, Body and Goods, Tripes and Bowels.

In the mean time the Lady was not well content with the Want of her *Patinotres*, for they were one of her Implements to keep her Countenance by in the Church; then thought with her self, this bold flouting *Royster* is some giddy, fantastical, light-headed Fool of a strange Country; I shall never recover my *Patenotres* again, what will my Husband say? he will no doubt be angry with me; but I will tell him that a Thief hath cut them off from my Hands in the Church, which he will easily believe, seeing the End of the Ribbon left at my Girdle. After Dinner *Panurge* went to see her, carrying in his Sleeve a great Purse full of *Palace-crowns*, (called Counters) and began to say unto her, Which of us two loveth other best, you me, or I you? Whereunto she answered, As for me, I do not hate you; for as God commands, I love all the World. But to the Point, (said he) are not you in love with me? I have (said she) told you so many times already, that you should talk so no more to me; and if you speak of it again, I will teach you, that I am not one to be talked unto dishonestly: get you hence packing, and deli-

ver me my *Patenotres*, that my Husband may not ask me for them.

How now, (*Madam*) said he, your *Patenotres*? Nay, by mine Oath I will not do so, but I will give you others; had you rather have them of Gold well enamelled in great round Knobs, or after the manner of Love-knots, or otherwise all massive, like great *In-gots*; or if you had rather have them of *Ebene*, of *Jacinth*, or of grained Gold, with the Marks of fine *Turkoises*, or of fair *Topazes*, marked with fine *Saphirs*, or of *balen Rubies*, with great Marks of *Diamonds* of eight and twenty Squares? No, no, all this is too little. I know a fair Bracelet of fine *Emeraulds*, marked with spotted *Ambergris*, and at the Buckle a *Persian Pearl* as big as an Orange; it will not cost above five and twenty thousand Ducats, I will make you a Present of it, for I have ready Coin enough; and withal he made a Noise with his Counters as if they had been *French Crowns*.

Will you have a Piece of Velvet, either of the Violet Colour, or of Crimson died in Grain; or a piece of broached or crimson Satin? Will you have Chains, Gold, Tablets, Rings? You need no more but say, Yes; so far as fifty thousand Ducats may reach, it is but as nothing to me. By the Virtue of which Words he made the Water come in her Mouth. But she said unto him, No, I thank you, I will have nothing of you. By G— said he,  
but



but I will have somewhat of you ; yet shall it be that which shall cost you nothing, neither shall you have a jot the less, when you have given it : hold, (shewing his long *Codpiece*) this is Master *John Goodfellow*, that asks for Lodging, and with that would have imbraced her ; but she began to cry out, yet not very loud. Then *Panurge* put off his counterfeited Garb, changed his false Visage, and said unto her, You will not then otherways let me do a little, a Turd for you, you do not deserve so much Good, nor so much Honour : but by G— I will make the Dogs ride you, and with this he ran away as fast as he could, for fear of Blows, whereof he was naturally fearful.

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## C H A P. XXII.

*How Panurge served the Parisian Lady a Trick that pleased her not very well.*

NOW you must note that the next Day was the great Festival of *Corpus Christi*, called the *Sacre*, wherein all Women put on their best Apparel ; and on that Day the said Lady was clothed in a rich Gown of Crimson-Sattin, under which she wore a very costly white Velvet Petticoat.

Now on the *Vigil*, *Panurge* searched so long of one side and another, that he found a hot or salt Bitch, which when he had tied her with

with his Girdle, he led to his Chamber, and fed her very well all that Day and Night; in the Morning thereafter he killed her, and took that Part of her which the *Greek Geomancers* know, and cut it into several Pieces as small as he could; then carrying it away as close as might be, he went to the Place where the *Lady* was to come along to follow the *Procession*, as the Custom is upon the said Holy Day. And when she came in, *Panurge* sprinkled some holy Water on her, saluting her very courteously. Then a little while after she had said her *petty Devotions*, he sat down close by her upon the same Bench, and gave her this *Roundlay* in Writing, in manner as followeth.

*A Roundlay.*

*Lady for once, because my Case*  
*I told you, am I out of Grace?*  
*That you should so severely call*  
*Me to be gone for Good and all,*  
*Who never had deserv'd your Frown*  
*By Word, Deed, Letter, or Lampoon.*  
*You might deny me what I sought,*  
*And not have call'd me all to nought,*  
*Because I would have had a Bout,*

3

*Lady for once.*

*It hurts you not that I complain*  
*Of my intolerable Pain;*

Of

Of bloody Wound, and deadly Dart,  
Wherewith your Beauty thrills my Heart :  
And since from thence my Torment came,  
O grant some little of that same,

*Lady for once.*

And as she was opening this Paper to see what it was, *Panurge* very promptly and lightly scattered the Drug that he had upon her in divers Places, but especially in the Plaits of her Sleeves, and of her Gown: then said he unto her, *Madam*, the poor Lovers are not always at ease. As for me, I hope that those heavy Nights, those Pains and Troubles which I suffer for Love of you, shall be a Deduction to me of so much Pain in Purgatory: yet at the least pray to God to give me Patience in my Misery. *Panurge* had no sooner spoke this, but all the Dogs that were in the Church came running to this Lady with the Smell of the Drugs that he had srowed upon her, both small and great, big and little, all came, laying out their Member; smelling to her, and pissing every where upon her; it was the greatest Villany in the World.

*Panurge* made some Offers of driving them away; then took his leave of her, and withdrew himself into a Chappel or Oratory of the said Church, to see the Sport; for these villanous Dogs did compass all her Habillaments, and left none of her Attire unsprinkled

sprinkled with their Staling, in so much that a tall Grey-hound piss'd upon her Head ; others in her Sleeves ; others on her Crupper-piece ; and the little ones pissed upon her Pattains : so that all the Women that were round about her had much ado to save her. Whereat *Panurge* very heartily laughing, he said to one of the Lords of the City, I believe that the same Lady is hot, or else that some Grey-hound hath covered her lately. And when he saw that all the Dogs were flocking about her, yarning at the Retardment of their Access to her, and every way keeping such a Coil with her as they are wont to do about a proud or salt Bitch ; he forthwith departed from thence, and went to call *Pantagruel* ; not forgetting in his way alongst all the Streets thorow which he went, where he found any Dogs, to give them a Bang with his Foot, saying, Will you not go with your Fellows to the *Wedding* ? Away hence, *avant, avant, with a Devil avant*. And being come home, he said to *Pantagruel*, Master, I pray you come and see all the Dogs of the Country, how they are assembled about a Lady, the fairest in the City, and would dulle and line her. Whereunto *Pantagruel* willingly condescended, and saw the Mystery, which he found very pretty and strange. But the best was at the Procession, in which were seen above six hundred thousand and fourteen Dogs about her, which did very much trouble and molest her ; and whithersoever

thersoever she pass'd, those Dogs that came afresh, tracing her Footsteps, followed her at the Heels, and piss'd in the way where her Gown had touched.

All the World stood gazing at this Spectacle, considering the Countenance of those Dogs, who leaping up got about her Neck, and spoiled all her gorgeous Accoutrements, for the which she could find no Remedy, but to retire unto her House, which was a Palace. Thither she went, and the Dogs after her; she ran to hide her self, but the Chamber-maids could not abstain from Laughing. When she was entred into the House, and had shut the Door upon her self, all the Dogs came running, of half a League round, and did so well bepis the Gate of her House, that there they made a Stream with their Urine, wherein a Duck might have very well swimm'd, and it is the same Current that now runs at *St. Victor*, in which *Gobelin* dieth Scarlet, for the specifical Vertue of these Piss-Dogs, as our Master *Doribus* did heretofore preach publickly. So may God help you; a Mill would have ground Corn with it; yet not so much as those of *Basacle* at *Toulouse*.



## C H A P. XXIII.

*How Pantagruel departed from Paris, hearing News that the Dipsodes had invaded the Land of the Amaurots: and the Cause wherefore the Leagues are so short in France.*

A Little while after *Pantagruel* heard News that his Father *Gargantua* had been translated into the Land of the Fairies by *Morgue*, as heretofore were *Oger* and *Arthur*: and that the Report of his Translation being spread abroad, the *Dipsodes* had issued out beyond their Borders, with Inrodes had wasted a great part of *Utopia*, and at that very time had besieged the great City of the *Amaurots*. Whereupon departing from *Paris*, without bidding any Man farewell, for the Business required Diligence, he came to *Rowen*.

Now *Pantagruel* in his Journey, seeing that the Leagues of that little Territory about *Paris*, called *France*, were very short in regard of those of other Countries, demanded the cause and reason of it from *Panurge*; who told him a Story which *Marotus du Lac Monachus* set down in the Acts of the Kings of *Cannare*; saying, that in old times Countries were not distinguished into Leagues, Miles, Furlongs, nor Parasanges, until that King *Pharamond* divided them, which was done in manner

manner as followeth. The said King chose at *Paris* a hundred fair, gallant, lusty, brisk young Men, all resolute and bold Adventurers in *Cupid's* Duels, together with a hundred comely, pretty, handsome, lovely and well complexioned Wenches of *Picardy*, all which he caused to be well entertained, and highly fed for the space of eight days; then having called for them, he delivered to every one of the young Men his Wench, with store of Money to defray their Charges, and this Injunction besides, to go unto divers Places here and there. And wheresoever they should biscot and thrum their Wenches, that they setting a Stone there, it should be accounted for a League. Thus went away those brave Fellows and sprightly Blades most merrily, and because they were fresh, and had been at rest, they were jumming and tumbling almost at every Field's end, and this is the Cause why the Leagues about *Paris* are so short. But when they had gone a great way, and were now as weary as poor Devils, all the Oil in their Lamps being almost spent, they did not chink and duffle so often, but contented themselves, (I mean for the Mens part) with one scurvy paultry Bout in a day. And this is that which makes the Leagues in *Britany*, *Delanes*, *Germany*, and other more remote Countries so long. Other Men give other Reasons for it, but this seems to me of all other the best. To which *Pantagruel* wil-

lingly adhered. Parting from *Rowen*, they arrived at *Honfleur*, and there took Shipping, *Pantagruel*, *Panurge*, *Epistemon*, *Eusthenes* and *Carpalim*.

In which Place, waiting for a favourable Wind, and caulking their Ship, he received from a Lady of *Paris* (that had formerly been kept by him a long time) a Letter directed on the out-side thus :

To the best Beloved of the *Fayr*,

And the least-Loyal of the *Brave*.

PNTGRL.

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C H A P. XXIV.

*A Letter which a Messenger brought to Pantagruel from a Lady of Paris; together with the Exposition of a Posy, written in a Gold-Ring.*

**W**Hen *Pantagruel* had read the Super-  
scription, he was much amazed, and  
therefore demanded of the said Messenger  
the Name of her that had sent it. Then open-  
ed he the Letter, and found nothing written  
in it, nor otherways inclosed, but only a Gold  
Ring, with a square Table-Diamond. Won-  
dering at this, he called *Panurge* to him, and  
shewed

shewed him the case; whereupon *Panurge* told him, that the Leaf of Paper was written upon, but with such Cunning and Artifice, that no Man could see the Writing at the first sight; therefore to find it out, he set it by the Fire, to see if it was made with *Sal Almoniac* soaked in Water: then put he it into the Water, to see if the Letter was written with the Juice of *Tithymalle*. After that he held it up against the Candle, to see if it was written with the Juice of *white Onions*.

Then he rubbed one part of it with *Oil of Nuts*, to see if it were not written with the *Lee* of a *Fig-tree*: and another part of it with the Milk of a Woman giving Suck to her eldest Daughter, to see if it was written with the *Blood* of *red Toads*, or green *Earth-frogs*. Afterwards he rubbed one Corner with the *Ashes* of a *Swallow's Nest*, to see if it were not written with the *Dew* that is found within the Herb *Alcakeny*, called the *Winter-cherry*. He rubbed after that one end with *Ear-wax*, to see if it were not written with the *G. of a Raven*. Then did he dip it into *Vinegar*, to try if it was not written with the Juice of the *Garden Spurge*. After that he greased it with the *Fat* of a *Bat* or *Flittermouse*, to see if it was not written with the *Sperm* of a *Whale*, which some call *Ambergris*. Then put it very fairly into a *Basin* full of fresh Water, and forthwith took it out, to see whether it were written with *Stone-allum*. But after all Experiments,

riments, when he perceived that he could find out nothing, he called the Messenger, and asked him, *Good Fellow*, the Lady that sent thee hither, did she not give thee a Staff to bring with thee? thinking that it had been according to the Conceit, whereof *Aulus Gellius* maketh mention; and the Messenger answered him, *No, Sir*. Then *Panurge* would have caused his Head to be shaven, to see whether the Lady had written upon his bald Pate, with the hard Lee whereof Sope is made, that which she meant; but perceiving that his Hair was very long, he forbore, considering that it could not have grown to so great a length in so short a time.

Then he said to *Pantagruel*, Master, by the Virtue of G—I cannot tell what to do nor say in it. For to know whether there be any thing written upon this or no, I have made use of a good part of that which Master *Francisco di Nianto*, the *Tuscan* sets down, who hath written the *Manner of reading Letters that do not appear*. That which *Zoroastes* published, *Peri grammaton acriton*. And *Calphurnius Bassus de literis illigibilibus*. But I can see nothing, nor do I believe that there is any thing else in it than the Ring. Let us therefore look upon it; which when they had done, they found this in *Hebrew* written within, *Lamach sabathani*; whereupon they called *Epistemon*, and asked him what that meant? to which he answered, that they were *Hebrew*



brew Words, signifying, *Wherefore hast thou forsaken me?* Upon that *Panurge* suddenly replied, I know the Mystery, do you see this *Diamond?* it is a false one. This then is the Exposition of that which the Lady means, *Diamant faux*; that is, *false Lover*, why hast thou forsaken me? Which Interpretation *Pantagruel* presently understood, and withal remembering, that at his Departure he had not bid the Lady farewell; he was very sorry, and would fain have returned to *Paris*, to make his Peace with her. But *Epistemon* put him in mind of *Aeneas's* Departure from *Dido*, and the Saying of *Heracitus* of *Tarentum*, That the Ship being at anchor when need requireth, we must cut the Cable rather than lose time about untying of it. And that he should lay aside all other Thoughts to succour the City of his Nativity, which was then in danger. And indeed within an Hour after that, the Wind arose at the North North-west; where-with they hoised Sail, and put out, even into the main Sea; so that within few Days, passing by *Porto Sancto*, and by the *Maderas*, they went Ashore in the *Canary Islands*: Parting from thence, they passed by *Capobianco*, by *Senega*, by *Capoverde*, by *Gambre*, by *Sagres*, by *Melli*, by the *Cap di buona Speranza*, and set ashore again in the Kingdom of *Melinda*: parting from thence, they sailed away with a *Tramontan* or Northerly Wind, passing by *Meden*, by *Uti*, by *Uden*, by *Ge-*

*lasim*, by the Isles of the *Fairies*, and alongst the Kingdom of *Achory*, till at last they arrived at the Port of *Utopia*, distant from the City of the *Amavrots* three Leagues and somewhat more.

When they were ashore, and pretty well refreshed, *Pantagruel* said, Gentlemen, the City is not far from hence, therefore were it not amiss before we set forward, to advise well what is to be done, that we be not like the *Athenians*, who never took Counsel until after the Fact: Are you resolved to live and die with me? Yes, Sir, said they all, and be as confident of us, as of your own Fingers. Well, (said he) there is but one thing that keeps my Mind in great doubt and suspense, which is this, that I know not in what Order nor of what Number the Enemy is, that layeth siege to the City; for if I were certain of that, I should go forward, and set on with the better assurance. Let us therefore consult together, and bethink our selves by what means we may come to this Intelligence. Whereunto they all said, Let us go thither and see, and stay you here for us; for this very Day, without further respite, do we make account to bring you a certain Report thereof.

My self (said *Panurge*) will undertake to enter into their Camp, within the very midst of their Guards, unespied by their Watch, and merrily feast and lecher it at their cost, without being known of any, to see the Artillery and

and the Tents of all the Captains, and thrust my self in with a grave and magnifick Carriage, amongst all their Troops and Companies, without being discovered, the Devil would not be able to peck me out with all his Circumventions: for I am of the Race of *Zopyrus*.

And I (said *Epistemon*) know all the Plots and Stratagems of the valiant Captains, and warlike Champions of former Ages, together with all the Tricks and Subtilties of the Art of War. I will go, and though I be detected and revealed, I will escape, by making them believe of you whatever I please; for I am of the Race of *Sinon*.

I (said *Eusthenes*) will enter and set upon them in their Trenches, in spite of their Sentries, and all their Guards; for I will tread upon their Bellies, and break their Legs and Arms, yea though they were every whit as strong as the Devil himself; for I am of the Race of *Hercules*.

And I (said *Carpalin*) will get in there, if the Birds can enter; for I am so nimble of Body, and light withal, that I shall have leaped over their Trenches, and ran clean through all their Camp, before that they perceive me: neither do I fear Shot, nor Arrow, nor Horse, how swift soever, were he the *Pegasus* of *Persee*, or *Pacolet*; being assured that I shall be able to make a safe and sound escape before them all without any hurt. I will undertake to walk upon the Ears of Corn, or Grass in the Meadows, without making either of them do so.

much as bow under me ; for I am of the Race  
of *Camilla the Amazons.*

## CHAP. XXV.

*How Panurge, Carpalin, Eusthenes and Epistemon, (the Gentlemen Attendants of Pantagruel) vanquished and discomfited six hundred and threescore Horse-men very cunningly.*

AS he was speaking this, they perceived fix hundred and threescore light Horse-men, gallantly mounted, who came to discover what Ship and Company it was that was newly arrived in the Harbour ; and came in a full Gallop to take them if they had been able. Then said *Pantagruel*, my Lads, retire your selves unto the Ship, here are some of our Enemies coming apace, but I will kill them here before you like Beasts, although they were ten times so many ; in the mean time withdraw your selves, and take your sport at it. Then answered *Panurge*, No, Sir, there is no reason that you should do so ; but on the contrary, retire you unto the Ship, both you and the rest ; for I alone will here discomfit them, but we must not linger, come, set forward. Whereunto the others said, It is well advised ; Sir, withdraw your self, and we will help *Panurge* here, so shall you know  
what

what we are able to do. Then said *Panurge*, Well, I am content, but if that you be too weak, I will not fail to come to your assistance.

With this *Panurge* took two great Cables of the Ship, and tied them to the *Capstane* which was on the Deck towards the Hatches, and fastened them in the Ground, making a long Circuit, the one further off, the other within that. Then said he to *Epistemon*, Go aboard the Ship, and when I give you a Call, turn about the *Capstane* upon the *Orlop* diligently, drawing unto you the two Cable-ropes. And said to *Eusthenes*, and to *Carpalin*, My Bullies, stay you here, and offer your selves freely to your Enemies, do as they bid you, and make as if you would yield unto them: but take heed you come not within the Compass of the Ropes; be sure to keep your selves free of them. And presently he went aboard the Ship, and took a Bundle of Straw, and a Barrel of Gun-powder, strewed it round about the Compass of the Cords, and stood by with a Brand of Fire or Match lighted in his Hand. Presently came the Horse-men with great Fury, and the foremost ran almost home to the Ship; and by reason of the Slipperiness of the Bank, they fell they and their Horses, to the number of four and fourty; which the rest seeing, came on, thinking that Resistance had been made them at their arrival. But *Panurge* said unto them,  
My



My Masters, I believe that you have hurt your selves; I pray you pardon us, for it is not our Fault, but the Slipperiness of the Sea-water that is always flowing. we submit our selves to your good pleasure: So said likewise his two other Fellows, and *Epistemon* that was upon the Deck. In the mean time, *Panurge* withdrew himself, and seeing that they were all within the Com-pas of the Cables, and that his two Compa-nions were retired, making room for all those Horses which came in a Croud, thronging up-on the Neck of one another to see the Ship, and such as were in it, cried out on a sudden to *Epistemon*, Draw, draw. Then began *Epistemon* to wind about the *Capstane*, by do-ing whereof the two Cables so intangled and impestered the Legs of the Horses, that they were all of them thrown down to the Ground easily, together with their Riders. But they seeing that, drew their Swords, and would have cut them. Whereupon *Panurge* set Fire to the Train, and there burnt them up all like damned Souls, both Men and Horses, not one escaping save one alone; who being mounted on a fleet *Turky Cour-ser*, by meer speed in Flight got himself out of the Circle of the Ropes. But when *Carpalin* perceived him, he ran after him with such Nimbleness and Celerity, that he overtook him in less than a hundred Pa-ces; than leaping close behind him up-  
ON

on the Crupper of his Horse, clasped him in his Arms, and brought him back to the Ship.

This Exploit being ended, *Pantagruel* was very jovial, and wondrously commended the Industry of these Gentlemen, whom he called his *Fellow-Souldiers*, and made them refresh themselves, and feed well and merrily upon the Sea-shore, and drink heartily with their Bellies upon the Ground, and their Prisoner with them, whom they admitted to that Familiarity; only that the poor Devil was not well assured but that *Pantagruel* would have eaten him up whole; which, considering the Wideness of his Mouth, and Capacity of his Throat, was no great matter for him to have done; for he could have done it, as easily as you would eat a small Comfit, he shewing no more in his Throat than would a Grain of Millet-Seed in the Mouth of an Ass.

CHAP. XXVI.

*How Pantagruel and his Company were weary in eating still salt Meats: and how Carpalin went a hunting to have some Venison.*

**T**Hus as they talked and chatted together, *Carpalin* said, And by the Belly of *St. Quenet*, shall we never eat any Venison? this salt Meat makes me horribly dry. I will go fetch you a Quarter of one of those Horses which we have burnt, it is well roasted already. As he was rising up to go about it, he perceived under the side of a Wood a fair great *Roe-Buck*, which was come out of his Fort (as I conceive) at the sight of *Panurge's* fire. Him did he pursue and run after with as much Vigour and Swiftnes as if it had been a Bolt out of a Cross-bow, and caught him in a moment; and whilst he was in his Course, he with his Hands took in the Air four great *Bustards*, seven *Bisterns*, six and twenty gray *Partridges*, two and thirty red legged Ones, sixteen *Pheasants*, nine *Woodcocks*, nineteen *Hérons*, two and thirty *Coufshots* and *Ring-Doves*: and with his Feet killed ten or twelve *Hares* and *Rabbits*, which were then at relief, and pretty big withal. Eighteen *Rayles* in a knot together, with fifteen young wild *Boars*, two little *Bever*s, and three great *Foxes*. So striking the Kid with his Fau-chion

chion athwart the Head, he killed him, and bearing him on his Back, he in his return took up his Hares, Rayls, and young wild Boars, and as far off as he could be heard, cried out, and said, *Panurge*, my Friend, Vineger, Vineger. Then the good *Pantagruel*, thinking he had fainted, commanded them to provide him some Vineger. But *Panurge* knew well that there was some good Prey in hands, and forthwith shewed unto noble *Pantagruel* how he was bearing upon his Back a fair *Roe-Buck*, and all his Girdle bordered with Hares; then immediately did *Epistemon* make in the name of the nine *Muses*, nine antick wooden Spits. *Eusthenes* did help to flay, and *Panurge* placed two great Cuirasier Saddles in such sort, that they served for Andirons; and making their Prisoner to be their Cook, they roasted their Venison by the Fire, wherein the Horsemen were burnt. And making great Cnear, with a good deal of Vineger, the Devil a one of them did forbear from his Victuals; it was a triumphant and incomparable Spectacle to see how they ravened and devoured. Then said *Pantagruel*, Would to God every one of you had two Pairs of *Sacring Bells* hanging at your Chin, and that I had at mine the great Clocks of *Renes*, of *Peistlers*, of *Tours*, and of *Cambray*, to see what a Peal they would ring with the Wagging of our Chaps.

But, said *Panurge*, it were better we thought a little upon our business, and by what means

we might get the upper hand of our Enemies. That is well remembred, said *Pantagruel*; therefore spake he thus to the Prisoner, *My Friend*, tell us here the truth, and do not lie to us at all, if thou wouldest not be flayed alive, for it is I that eat the little Children: relate unto us at full, the Order, the Number, and the Strength of the Army. To which the Prisoner answered, *Sir*, know for a truth that in the Army there are three hundred *Giants*, all armed with Armour of proof, and wonderful great: nevertheless, not fully so great as you, except one that is their head, named *Loup-garon*, who is armed from Head to Foot with *Cyclopical Annvils*. Furthermore, one hundred three-score and three thousand Foot, all armed with the Skins of *Hobgoblins*, strong and valiant Men; eleven thousand four hundred Cuirasiers; three thousand six hundred double Canons, and Harque-busiers without number; fourscore and fourteen thousand Pioneers: one hundred and fifty thousand *Whores*, fair like Goddesses, (that is for me, said *Panurge*.) Whereof some are *Amazons*, some *Lionneses*, others *Parisien-nes*, *Taurangelles*, *Angevines*, *Poittevines*, *Normands*, and high *Dutch*; there are of them of all Countrys and all Languages.

Yea, but (said *Pantagruel*) is the King there? Yes, *Sir*, (said the Prisoner) he is there in Person, and we call him *Anarchus*, King of the *Dipsodes*; which is as much to say, as *thirsty People*; for you never saw Men more *thirsty*.



thisly, nor more willing to drink, and his Tent is guarded by the Giants. It is enough, (said *Pantagruel*) come brave Boys, are you resolved to go with me? To which *Panurge* answered, God confound him that leaves you. I have already bethought my self how I will kill them all like Pigs, and so that the Devil one Leg of them shall escape. But I am somewhat troubled about one thing. And what is that? said *Pantagruel*: It is (said *Panurge*) how I shall be able to set forward to the *jussling* and *bragmardising* of all the Whores that be there this Afternoon, in such sort, that there escape not one unbumped by me; breasted and jum'd after the ordinary Fashion of Man and Women. Ha, ha, ha, ha, said *Pantagruel*.

And *Carpalin* said, The Devil take these Sink-holes, if by G— I do not bumbast some one of them.

And I, (said *Eusthenes*) what d'ye make of me? who since we came from *Rowen* have never been wound up that my Needle could mount above to ten or eleven a Clock, now stiff and strong, like a hundred Devils? Truly, (said *Panurge*) thou shalt have of the fattest, and of those that are most plump, and in the case.

How now, (said *Epistemon*) every one shall ride, and I must lead the *As*s? the Devil take him that will do so. We will make use of the right of War, *Qui potest capere, capiat*. No, no, said *Panurge*, but tie thine *As*s to a Crook, and

and ride as the World doth. And the good *Pantagruel* laughed at all this, and said unto them, *You reckon without your Host*. I am much afraid, that before it be Night I shall see you in such taking, that you will have no great stomach to ride, but more like to be rode upon, with sound Blows of Pike and Lance.

Enough of that, said *Epistemon*, I will not fail to bring them to you, either to rost or boil, to fry or put in Paste. They are not so many in number as were in the Army of *Xerxes*; for he had thirty hundred thousand fighting Men, if you will believe *Herodotus* and *Trogus Pompeius*; and yet *Themistocles* with a few Men overthrew them all. For God's sake take you no care for that. *Cobsminnie, Cobsminnie*, (said *Panurge*) my *Cod-piece* alone shall suffice to overthrow all the Men: and *St. Sweepbale* that dwells within it, shall lay all the Women squat upon their Backs. Up then my Lads (said *Pantagruel*) and let us march along.

C H A P. XXVII.

*How Pantagruel set up one Trophée in memorial of their Valour; and Panurge another in remembrance of the Hares. How Pantagruel likewise with his Farts begat little Men, and with his Fisgs little Women. And how Panurge broke a great Staff over two Glasses.*

**B**Efore we depart hence, (said *Pantagruel*) in remembrance of the Exploit that you have now performed, I will in this Place erect a fair *Trophée*. Then every Man amongst them with great Joy, and fine little Country-Songs, set up a huge big Post; whereunto they hanged a great Cuirasier Saddle, the Frontal of a barbed Horse, Bridle-bosses, Pully-pieces for the Knees, Stirrup-leathers, Spurs, Stirrups, a Coat of Mail, a Corset tempered with Steel, a Battel-axe, a strong, short, and sharp Horseman's Sword; a Gantlet, a Horseman's Mace, Gusket-armour for the Arms-pits, Leg-harness, and a Gorget, with all other Furniture needful for a triumphant Arch, or *Trophée*. And then *Pantagruel* for an eternal Memorial, wrote this victorial *Dittén*, as followeth:

Here four bold Champions had a Rubbers  
With sixty, and six hundred Lubbers;  
Destroy'd 'em all, yet when they fought 'em,  
Had not their Arms, but Wits about 'em:

So

So play'd the Skoundrels such a Trick,  
 Old *Scipio* never knew the like.  
 Learn hence, Kings, Dukes, all, great and little;  
 'Tis Wit, not Strength, that wins the Battle.

For Victorie,  
 As all agree,  
 Hangs on the Beck  
 Of Pow'rs above,  
 Who surely move  
 The Proud to check.

The Strong are baffl'd, without question;  
 Or doubt of any that's a Christian.  
 And he ('tis only he) can have it,  
 Who has the Grace, and Faith to crave it.

Whilst *Pantagruel* was writing these foresaid Verses, *Panurge* halved, and fixed upon a great Stake, the Horns of a *Roe-buck*, together with the Skin, and the right Forefoot thereof; the Ears of three *Levrets*, the Chine of a *Coney*, the Jaws of a *Hare*, the Wings of two *Bustards*, the Feet of four *Queest-doves*, a Bottle full of *Vineger*, a Horn wherein to put *Salt*, a wooden *Spit*, a larding *Stick*, a scurvy *Kettle* full of *Holes*, a dripping *Pan*, a *Skillet* to make *Sauce* in, an earthen *Salt-cellar*, and a *Goblet* of *Beauvais*. Then in Imitation of *Pantagruel's* Verses and *Trophée*, wrote that which followeth:

Here four brave *Topers* sitting on their *Bums*,  
 With *Flaggons*, nobler *Noise* than *Drums*,  
Carows'd

Carows'd it, bows'd it, tofs'd the Liquor,  
Each seem'd a *Bacchus*-Priest, or Vicar :  
Hares, Coneys, Bustards, Pigs were brought 'em,  
With Jugs and Pipkins strew'd about 'em;  
For Trophée-Spoils to each good Fellow :  
That is hereafter to be Mellow.

In every Creed,  
'Tis on all hands agreed,  
And plainly confest ;  
When the Weather is hot,  
That we stick to the Pot,  
And drink o' the best.

First note, that in your Bill of Fare,  
Sawce be provided for the *Rare*.  
But Vinegar the most extol ;  
'Tis of an *Hare* the very Soul.

Then (said *Pantagruel*), Come, my Lads,  
Let us be gone, we have stay'd here too long a-  
bout our Victuals ; for very seldom doth it fall  
out, that the greatest Eaters do the most Martial  
Exploits. There is no *Shadow* like that of fly-  
ing Colours, no *Smoke* like that of Horses, no  
*Clattering* like that of Armour. At this *E-*  
*pistemon* began to smile, and said, There is no  
*Shadow* like that of the Kitchen, no *Smoke* like  
that of Pasties, and no *Clattering* like that of  
Goblets. Unto which answered *Panurge*, There  
is no *Shadow* like that of Courtains, no *Smoke*  
like that of Womens Breasts, and no *Clattering*  
like that of Ballocks : then forthwith rising  
up



up he gave a Fart, a Leap, and a Whistle, and most joyfully cried out aloud, *Ever live, Pantagruel*. When *Pantagruel* saw that he would have done as much; but with the Fart that he let, the Earth trembled nine Leagues about; wherewith, and with the corrupted Air, he begot above three and fifty thousand little Men, ill favoured Dwarfs; and with one Fise that he let, he made as many little Women, crouching down, as you shall see in divers places, which never grow but like Cows Tails downwards, or like the *Limosin* Radishes, round. How now, (said *Panurge*) are your *Farts* so fertile? by G— here be brave *farted* Men, and *fisged* Women; let them be married together, they will beget fine Hornets and Dorflies. So did *Pantagruel*, and called them *Pigmies*. Those he sent to live in an Island thereby, where since that time they are increased mightily: but the *Cranes* make War with them continually, against which they do most courageously defend themselves; for these little Ends of Men and Dandiprats, (whom in *Scotland* they call Whiphandles, and Knots of a Tar-barrel) are commonly very teasty and cholerick. The Physical Reason whereof, is, because their Heart is near their Turd.

At this same time, *Panurge* took two drinking Glasses that were there, both of one bigness, and filled them with Water up to the brim, and set one of them upon one Stool, and the other upon another, placing them above five Foot from one another: then he took the Staff of a Jave-

Javelin, about five Foot and a half long, and put it upon the two Glasses, so that the two ends of the Staff did come just to the Brims of the Glasses. This done, he took a great Stake, and said to *Pantagruel*, and to the rest; *My Masters*, behold, how easily we shall have the Victory over our Enemies; for just as I shall break this Staff here upon these Glasses, without either breaking or crazing of them; nay, which is more, without spilling one drop of the Water that is within them, even so shall we break the Heads of our *Dipsodes*, without receiving any of us any Wound or Loss in our Person or Goods. But that you may not think there is any *Witchcraft* in this, hold (said he to *Eusthenes*) strike upon the midst as hard as thou canst with this Log. *Eusthenes* did so, and the Staff broke in two pieces, and not one drop of the Water fell out of the Glasses. Then said he, I know a great many such other Tricks, let us now therefore march boldly.

## C H A P. XXVIII.

*How Pantagruel got the Victory very strangely over the Dipsodes, and the Giants*

**A**FTER all this Talk *Pantagruel* took the Prisoner to him, and sent him away, saying, Go thou unto thy King in his Camp, and tell him Tidings of what thou hast seen, and let him

him resolve to feast me to Morrow about Noon; for as soon as my Gallies shall come, which will be to Morrow at farthest, I will prove unto him by eighteen hundred Thousand fighting Men, and seven thousand Giants, all of them greater than I am; that he hath done foolishly and against Reason, thus to invade my Country: wherein *Pantagruel* feigned that he had an Army at Sea. But the Prisoner answered, That he would yield himself to be his Slave; and that he was content never to return to his own People, but rather with *Pantagruel* to fight against them; and for God's sake besought him, that he might be permitted so to do. Whereunto *Pantagruel* would not give Consent, but commanded him to depart thence speedily, and be gone, as he had told him, and to that Effect gave him a Box full of *Euphorbium*, together with some Grains of the black *Chamelean Thistle*, steeped in *Aqua vite*, and made up into the Condiment of a wet Sucket, commanding him to carry it to his King, and to say unto him, that if he were able to eat one Ounce of that without drinking after it, he might then be able to resist him, without any Fear or Apprehension of Danger.

The Prisoner then besought him with joint Hands, that in the Hour of the Battel he would have Compassion upon him. Whereat *Pantagruel* said unto him, After that thou hast delivred all unto the King, put thy whole  
Con;

Confidence in God, and he will not forsake thee: Because, although for my Part I be mighty, as thou mayst see, and have an infinite Number of Men in Arms, I do nevertheless trust neither in my Force nor in mine Industry, but all my Confidence is in God my Protector, who doth never forsake those that in him do put their Trust and Confidence. This done, the Prisoner requested him that he would be contented with some reasonable Composition for his Ransom. To which *Pantagruel* answered, that his End was not to rob nor ransom Men, but to enrich them, and reduce them to total Liberty: Go thy way (said he) in the Peace of the living God, and never follow evil Company, lest some Mischiefe befall thee. The Prisoner being gone, *Pantagruel* said to his Men, *Gentlemen*, I have made this Prisoner believe that we have an Army at Sea, as also that we will not assault them till to Morrow at Noon, to the end, that they doubting of the great Arrival of our Men, may spend this Night in providing and strengthening themselves; but in the mean time my Intention is, that we charge them about the Hour of the first Sleep.

Let us leave *Pantagruel* here with his Apostles, and speak of King *Anarchus* and his Army. When the Prisoner was come, he went unto the King, and told him how there was a great Giant come, called *Pantagruel*, who had overthrown, and made to be cruelly roasted

all the five hundred and fifty with Mortimer, and he alone escaped to bring the News. Wednesday, he was charged by the said Giant to tell him, that the next Day about Noon he must make a Dinner ready for him, for at that Hour he was resolved to set upon him. Then did he give him that Box wherein were those Confitures; but as soon as he had swallowed down one spoonful of them, he was taken with such a Heat in the Throat, together with an Ulceration in the Flap of the Top of the Wind-pipe, that his Tongue peell'd with it in such Sort, that for all they could do unto him, he found no Ease at all, but by drinking only without Cessation; for as soon as even he took the Goblet from his Head, his Tongue was on a Fire, and therefore they did nothing but still pour in Wine into his Throat with a Funnel.

Which when his Captains, *Basham*, and Guard of his Body did see, they tasted of the same Drugs, to try whether on them they would have the same Operation or no: but it to bech them as it had done their King, and they plied the Flagon so well, that the Noise ran throughout all the Camp, how the Prisoner was returned; that the next Day they were to have an Assault; that the King and his Captains did already prepare themselves for it, together with his Guards, and that with Arrowing lustily, and quaffing as hard as they could. Every Man therefore in the Army began to ripple, ply the Pot, swill and gudge,

till



ill in the they fell aslep like Pigs, all out of  
Order throughout the whole Camp.

Let us now return to the good *Pantagruel*,  
and relate how he carried himself in this Bu-  
nches. Departing from the Place of the Tre-  
ason, he took the Mast of their Ship in his  
Hand like a Pilgrim's Staff, and put within  
the Top of it two hundred and thirty seven  
Punchions of White-wine of *Anjou*, the rest  
was of *Rome* and tied up to his Girdle the  
Bark all full of Salt, as easily as the *Amber-  
neth* carry their little Panniers, and so set on-  
ward on his way with his Fellow-souldiers.  
When he was come near to the Enemies  
Camp, *Panurge* said unto him, Sir, if you  
would do well, let down this White-wine of  
*Anjou* from the Scuttle of the Mast of the  
Ship, that we may all drink thereof, like *Br-  
neth*.

Hereunto *Pantagruel* very willingly consent-  
ed, and they drank so neat, that there was  
not so much as one poor Drop left of two hun-  
dred and thirty seven Punchions, except one  
leathern Bottle of *Tow*, which *Panurge* filled  
for himself, (for he called that his *Kado me-  
rum*) and some scurvy Lees of Wine in the  
bottoms, which served him instead of Vine-  
gar. After they had whittled and curried the  
Carr pretty handsomly, *Panurge* gave *Pant-  
gruel* to eat some devilish Drugs, compound-  
ed of *Lithotripson*, *Nephroterricon*, the  
Marmalade of *Quins*, with *Cambrides*, and

other Diureticks. *X* This done, *Pantagruel* said to *Carpalin*, Go into the City, scrambling like a Cat up against the Wall, as you can well do, and tell them that now presently they come out, and charge their Enemies as rudely as they can; and having said so, come down, taking a lighted Torch with you, wherewith you shall set on fire all the Tents and Pavilions in the Camp; then cry as loud as you are able with your great Voice, and then come away from thence. Yea but, said *Carpalin*, were it not good to nail all their Ordnance? No, no, (said *Pantagruel*) only blow up all their Powder. *Carpalin* obeying him, departed suddenly, and did as he was appointed by *Pantagruel*; and all the Combatants came forth that were in the City: And when he had set fire in the Tents and Pavilions, he pass'd so lightly through them, and so highly and profoundly did they snore and sleep, that they never perceived him. He came to the Place where their Artillery was, and set their Munition on fire; but here was the Danger, the Fire was so sudden, that poor *Carpalin* had almost been burnt; and had it not been for his wonderful Agility, he had been fried like a roasting Pig; but he departed away so speedily, that a Bolt or Arrow out of a Crossbow could not have had a swifter Motion. When he was clear of their Trenches, he shouted aloud, and cried out so dreadfully, and with such Amazement to the French, that it seemed all the Devils

Diavils of Hell had been let loose. At which Noise the Enemies awaked, but can you tell how? even no less astonished than are Monks at the ringing of the first Peal to Matins, which in *Lussonn* is called *Rubbaloek*.

In the mean time *Pantagruel* began to sow the Salt that he had in his Bark, and because they slept with an open gaping Mouth, he filled all their Throats with it, so that those poor Wretches were by it made to cough like Poxes. Ha, *Pantagruel*, how thou addest greater Heat to the Firebrand that is in us. Suddenly *Pantagruel* had will you piss, by Means of the Drugs which *Panturge* had given him, and piss'd amidst the Camp so well and so copiously, that he drowned them all, and there was a particular Deluge ten Leagues round about; the History saith, if his Father's great Mare had been there, and piss'd likewise, it would undoubtedly have been a more enormous Deluge than that of *Deucalion*; for she did never piss but she made a River, greater than is either the *Rhosne* or the *Danube*; which those that were come out of the City, seeing, said, They are all cruelly slain, see how the Blood runs along; but they were deceived, in thinking *Pantagruel's* Urine had been the Blood of their Enemies; for they could not see but by the Light of the Fire of the Pavillons, and some small Light of the Moon.

The Enemies after that they were awaked, seeing on one side the Fire in the Camp, and

on the other the Inundation of the Animal De-  
luge, could not tell what to say, nor what to  
think: Some said, that it was the End of the  
World, and the final Judgment, which ought  
to be by Fire. Others again thought, that the  
Sea-Gods, Neptune, Proetus, Triton, and  
the rest of them, did persecute them, for that  
indeed they found it to be like Sea-water and  
Salt.

O who were able now condignly to relate  
how Pantagruel did demean himself against  
the three hundred Giants: O my Muse, my  
Calliope, my Thalia, inspire me at this time,  
restore unto me my Spirits, for this is the Lo-  
gical Bridge of Asses; here is the Puffal, here  
is the Difficulty, to have Ability enough to  
express the horrible Battel that was fought:  
Ah, would to God that I had now a Bottle of  
the best Wine that ever those drank who shall  
read this so *veridical* History.

## C H A P. XXIX.

*How Pantagruel discomfited the three hundred  
Giants armed with Free-stone, and Loup-  
grou their Captain.*

THE Giants seeing all their Camp down-  
ed, carried away their King *Archimede*  
upon their Backs, as well as they could out of  
the Fort, as *Ensa* did to his Father *Ab-  
chises,*

chises, in the time of the Conflagration of Troy. When *Panurge* perceived them, he said to *Pantagruel*, Sir, yonder are the Giants coming forth against you, lay on them with your Mast gallantly, like an old Fencer; for now is the time that you must shew your self a brave and an honest Man: And for our part we will not fail you, I my self will hit to you a good many boldly enough; for why, *David* killed *Goliath* very easily; and then this great Lecher *Eusthenes*, who is stronger than four Oxen, will not spare himself: Be of good Courage, therefore, and valiant; charge amongst them with Point and Edge, and by all manner of Means. Well, (said *Pantagruel*) of Courage I have more than for fifty Franks; but let us be wise, for *Hercules* never undertook against two that is well cack'd, well sum-mers'd: (said *Panurge*) do you compare your self with *Hercules*? You have by G— more Strength in your Teeth, and more Skill in your Bum, than ever *Hercules* had in all his Body and Soul: so much is a Man worth as he esteems himself. Whilst they spoke these Words, behold *Luspgaron* was come with 21 his Giants, who seeing *Pantagruel* in a manner alone, was carried away with Temerity and Presumption, for Hopes that he had to kill the good Man: whereupon he said to his Companions the Giants, You Wenchers of the Low-countrie, by *Maboon*, if any of you undertake to fight against these Men here, I will



put you cruelly to Death: It is my Will that you let me fight single: in the mean time you shall have good Sport to look upon us. Then all the other Giants retired with their King to the Place where the Flavons stood, and *Panurge* and his *Comrades* with them, who counterfeited those that have had the Pox, for he wretched about his Mouth, shrunk up his Fingers, and with a harsh and hoarse Voice said unto them, I forsake -- od (*Fellow-souldiers*) if I would have it to be believed, that we make any War at all; give us somewhat to eat with you, whilst our Masters fight against one another. To this the King and Giants jointly consented, and accordingly made them to banquet with them.

In the mean time *Panurge* told them the Follies of *Turpin*, the Examples of *St. Nicholas*, and the Tale of a Tub. *Loupgarou* then set forward towards *Pantagruel*, with a Mace all of Steel, and that of the best sort, weighing nine thousand seven hundred Kintals, and two Quarterons, at the End whereof were thirteen pointed Diamonds, the least whereof was as big as the greatest Bell of our *Ladies Church* at *Paris*, (there might want perhaps the Thickness of a Nail, or (at most that I may not lie) of the Back of those Knives which they call Cut-lugs, but for a little off or on, more or less, it is no Matter) and it was enchanted in such sort, that it could never break, but contrarily all that it did touch did break.

break immediately. Thus then as he approach-  
ed with great Fierceness and Pride of Heart,  
*Panagruel* casting up his Eyes to Heaven, re-  
commended himself to God with all his Soul,  
making such a Vow as followeth.

O thou Lord God, who hast always been  
my Protector and my Saviour, thou seest the  
Distress wherein I am at this Time: Nothing  
brings me hither but a natural Zeal, which  
thou hast permitted unto Mortals, to keep  
and defend themselves, their Wives and Chil-  
dren, Country and Family, in case thy own  
proper Cause were not in question, which is  
the Faith; for in such a Business thou wilt  
have no Coadjutors, only a Catholick Con-  
fession and Service of thy Word, and hast  
forbidden us all Arming and Defence: for  
thou art the Almighty, who in thine own  
Cause, and where thine own Business is taken  
to Heart, canst defend it far beyond all that  
we can conceive: thou who hast thousand  
thousands of hundreds of Millions of Legi-  
ons of Angels, the least of which is able to  
kill all mortal Men, and turn about the Hea-  
vens and Earth at his Pleasure, as heretofore  
it very plainly appeared in the Army of *Sen-  
nacherib*. If it may please thee therefore at  
this time to assist me, as my whole Trust and  
Confidence is in thee alone, I row unto  
thee, that in all Countries whatsoever, where-  
in I shall have any Power or Authority, whe-  
ther in this of *Uppes*, or elsewhere, I will  
H n 5 & cause

cause thy holy Gospel to be purely, simply and entirely preached; so that the Abuses of a Rabble of Hypocrites and false Prophets, who by humane Constitutions and depraved Inventions have imposed on all the World, shall be quite exterminated from about me. This Vow was no sooner made, but there was heard a Voice from Heaven, saying, *Hoc fac, & vincas*; that is to say, *Do this, and thou shalt overcome.*

Then *Pantagruel* seeing that *Lagoneron* with his Mouth wide open was drawing near to him, went against him boldly, and cried out as loud as he was able, Thou diest, Villain, thou diest; purposing by his horrible Cry to make him afraid, according to the Discipline of the *Lacedaemonians*. Whereat, he immediately cast at him out of his Bark which he wore at his Girdle, eighteen Cags, and four Bushels of Salt, wherewith he filled both his Mouth, Throat, Nose and Eyes. At this *Lagoneron* was so highly incensed, that most fiercely setting upon him, he thought even then with a Blow of his Mace to have beat out his Brains: but *Pantagruel* was very nimble, and had always a quick Foot and a quick Eye, and therefore with his left Foot did he step back one Pace, yet not so nimbly, but that the Blow falling upon the Bark, broke it in four thousand fourscore and six Pieces, and threw all the rest of the Salt about the Ground. *Pantagruel* seeing that, most gallantly displayed the Vi-  
gour

gout of his Arms, and according to the Art of the Age, gave him with the great End of his Mast a home thrust a little above the Breast; then bringing along the Blow to the left side with a Slath, struck him between the Neck and Shoulders: After that, advancing his right Foot, he gave him a Push upon the Coullions, with the upper End of his said Mast, wherewith breaking the Scuttle, on the Top thereof he spilt three or four Punchions of Wine that were left therein.

Upon that *Loupgaron* thought that he had pierced his Bladder, and that the Wine that came forth had been his Urine: *Pantagruel* being not content with this, would have doubled it by a side-blow; but *Loupgaron* lifting up his Mace, advanced one Step upon him, and with all his Force would have dashed it upon *Pantagruel*, wherein (to speak the Truth) he so sprightly carried himself, that if God had not succoured the good *Pantagruel*, he had been cloven from the top of his Head to the bottom of his Milt; but the Blow glanced to the right side by the brisk Nimbleness of *Pantagruel*, and his Mace sank into the Ground above threescore and thirteen Foot, through a huge Rock, out of which the Fire did issue greater than nine thousand and six Tuns. *Pantagruel* seeing him busy about plucking out his Mace, which stuck in the Ground between the Rocks, ran upon him, and would have clean cut off his Head, if by

Milt.

Mischance his Mast had not touched a little against the Stock of *Loupgarou's* Mace, which was enchanted, as we have said before: by this means his Mast broke off about three handfulls above his Hands, whereat he stood amazed like a Bell-founder, and cried out, Ah *Panurge*, where art thou? *Panurge* seeing that, said to the King and the Giants, By G— they will hurt one another if they be not parted; but the Giants were as merry as if they had been at a Wedding. Then *Carpalin* would have risen from thence to help his Master, but one of the Giants said unto him, By *Golfarin* the Nephew of *Mahoon*, if thou stir hence I will put thee in the bottom of my Breeches instead of a Suppository, which cannot chuse but do me good, for in my Belly I am very costive, and cannot well *cagar* without gnashing my Teeth, and making many filthy Faces.

Then *Pantagruel*, thus destitute of a Staff, took up the End of his Mast, striking athwart and alongst upon the Giant, but he did him no more hurt than you would do with a Filip upon a Smith's Anvil. In the time *Loupgarou* was drawing his Mace out of the Ground, and having already plucked it out, was ready therewith to have struck *Pantagruel*, who being very quick in turning, avoided all his Blows in taking only the defensive Part in hand: until on a sudden he saw that *Loupgarou* did threaten him with these Words, saying, *Nom William, wilt not thou fail to chop thee as*

*[small]*



small as minced Meat, and keep thee henceforth from ever making any more poor Men thirsty. Then without any more ado *Pantagruel* struck him such a Blow with his Foot against the Belly, that he made him fall backwards, his Heels over his Head, and dragged him thus along at flay-buttock above a flight-shot. Then *Loupparou* cried out, bleeding at the Throat, *Mahoon, Mahoon, Mahoon*, at which Noise all the Giants arose to succour him; but *Panurge* said unto them, *Gentlemen*, do not go, if you will believe me, for our Master is mad, and strikes athwart and alongst, he cares not where, he will do you a Mischief; but the Giants made no Account of it, seeing that *Pantagruel* had never a Staff.

And when *Pantagruel* saw those Giants approach very near unto him, he took *Loupparou* by the two Feet, and lift up his Body like a Pike in the Air, wherewith (it being harnished with Anvils) he laid such heavy load amongst those Giants, armed with Free-stone, that striking them down as a Mason doth little Knobs of Stones, there was not one of them that stood before him, whom he threw not flat to the Ground; and by the breaking of this stony Armour there was made such a horrible Rumble, as put me in mind of the Fall of the Butter-tower of St. Stephen's at Bourges, when it melted before the Sun. *Panurge*, with *Carpalin* and *Eusthenes*, did cut in the mean time the Throats of those that were struck down; in such sort, that

that there escaped not one. *Panurguel* to any Man's sight was like a Mower, who with his Sickle, which was *Loupgarou*, cut down the Meadow Grass, to wit the Giants. But with this fencing of *Panurguel*'s, *Loupgarou* lost his Head, which happened when *Panurguel* struck down one whose Name was *Rislandowille*, who was armed *cap-a-pe* with Griston-stones, one Chip whereof splintering abroad cut off *Epistemon*'s Neck clean and fair. For otherwise the most part of them were but lightly armed with a kind of sandy Brittle-stone, and the rest with Slaits. At last, when he saw that they were all dead, he threw the Body of *Loupgarou* as hard as he could against the City, where falling like a Frog upon his Belly, in the Great Piazza, he with the fall killed a *singed Ee-cat*, a *wet She-cat*, a *farring Duck*, and a *brideled Goose*.

### CHAP. XXX.

How *Epistemon*, who had his Head cut off, was finely healed by *Panurge*, and of the News which he brought from the Devils, and damned People in Hell.

**T**His Gigantal Victory being ended, *Panurguel* withdrew himself to the place of the Flagons, and called for *Panurge* and the rest, who came unto him safe and sound, except *Epistemon*, (whom one of the Giants had scratched

scratched a little in the Face, whilst he was about the cutting of his Throat) and Epistemon, who appeared not at all. Whereat Pantagruel was so aggrieved that he would have killed himself. But Panurge said unto him, Nay, Sir, stay a while, and we will search for him amongst the Dead, and find out the truth of all. Thus as they went seeking after him, they found him stark dead, with his Head between his Arms all bloody. Then Eusthenes cried out, Ah cruel Death! hast thou taken from me the perfectest amongst Men? At which words Pantagruel rose up with the greatest Grief that ever any Man did see, and said to Panurge, Ha, my Friend, the Prophecy of your two Glasses, and the Javelin Staff was a great deal too deceitful. But Panurge answered, My dear Bullies all, weep not one drop more; for he being yet all hot, I will make him as sound as ever he was. In saying this, he took the Head, and held it warm fore-gaist his God-piece, that the Wind might not enter into it. Eusthenes and Carpautin carried the Body to the place where they had banqueted, not out of any hope that ever he would recover, but that Pantagruel might see it. Nevertheless, Panurge gave him very good comfort, saying, If I do not heal him, I will be content to lose my Head, (which is a Fop's Wage) leave off therefore crying, and help me. Then cleansed he his Neck very well with pure White-wine, and after that took his Head, and into it smothered some Powdered Rancor.

dis, which he always carried about him in one of his Bags. Afterwards, he anointed it with I know not what Ointment, and set it on very just Vein against Vein, Sinew against Sinew, and Spontyle against Spontyle, that he might not be Wry-necked, (for such People he mortally hated); this done, he gave it round about some fifteen or sixteen Stitches with a Needle, that it might not fall off again; then on all sides, and every where, he put a little Ointment on it, which he called *Resuscitative*. Suddenly *Epistemon* began to breathe, then opened his Eyes, yawned, sneezed, and afterwards let a great Household-Fart. Whereupon *Panurge* said, Now certainly he is healed, and therefore gave him to drink a large full Glass of strong White-wine, with a sugred Toast. In this Fashion was *Epistemon* fully healed, only that he was somewhat hoarse for above three Weeks together, and had a dry Cough of which he could not be rid, but by the force of continual drinking. And now he began to speak, and said that he had seen the Devil, had spoken with *Satifer* familiarly, and had been very merry in Hell, and in the *Elysian* Fields; affirming very seriously before them all, that the Devils were boon Companions, and merry Fellows: but in respect of the Damned, he said he was very sorry that *Panurge* had so soon called him back into this World again; for (said he) I took wonderful delight to see them. How so, said *Panurge*? because they do not use

use them there (said Epiphonon) so badly as you think they do. Their Estate and Condition of living is but only changed after a very strange manner.

For I saw *Alexander* the Great there mending old Stockins, whereby he got but a very poor Eiving.

*Xerxes* was a Crier of Mustard.

*Romulus*, a Salter and Patcher of Batins.

*Numa*, a Nail-smith.

*Tarquinius*, a Porter.

*Piso*, a clownish Swaine.

*Sylla*, a Ferry-man.

*Cyrus*, a Cowheard.

*Themistocles*, a Glais-maker.

*Epaminondas*, a Maker of Looking-glasses.

*Brutus* and *Cassius*, Surveyors of Land.

*Demosthenes*, a Vine-dresser.

*Cicero*, a Fire-kindler.

*Fabius*, a Threader of *Patapotes*.

*Artaxerxes*, a Rope-maker.

*Aeneas*, a Miller.

*Achilles* was a scould-pated Maker of Hay-bundles.

*Agamemnon*, a Lick-box.

*Ulysses*, a Hay-mower.

*Nestor*, a Forester.

*Darius*, a Gold-finder.

*Ancus Martius*, a Ship-trimmer.

*Camillus*, a Foot-post.

*Marcellus*, a Sheller of Beans.



*Drusus*, a Taker of Money at the Doors of Play-houses.

*Scipio Africanus*, a Crier of Lee in a Wooden-slipper.

*Asdrubal*, a Lantern-maker.

*Flaminius*, a Kettle-maker and Seller of Egg-shells.

*Priamus*, a Seller of old Clouts.

*Lancelot of the Lake*, was a Flayer of dead Horses.

All the *Knights of the Round-table* were poor Day-labourers, employed to row over the Rivers of *Cocytus*, *Phlegeton*, *Seyn*, *Acheron* and *Lethe*, when *Messieurs the Devils* had a mind to recreate themselves upon the Water; as in the like Occasion are hired the Boat-men at *Lions*, the *Gondoliers of Venice*, and *Oars at London*; but with this Difference, that these poor *Knights* have only for their Fare a *Bob* or *Flirt* on the Nose, and in the Evening a Morsel of coarse mouldy Bread.

*Trajan* was a Fisher of Frogs.

*Ananias*, a Lacquey.

*Commodus*, a Jeat-maker.

*Pertinax*, a Peeler of Wall-nuts.

*Lucullus*, a Maker of Rattles and Hawks-Bells.

*Justinian*, a Pedlar.

*Hector*, a Snap-fauce Scullion.

*Paris* was a poor Beggar.

*Cambyfes*, a Mule-driven.

*Nero*, a base blind Fidler.

# Ch. XXX. WORKS. 387

*Finabius* was his Serving-man, who did him a thousand mischievous Tricks, and would make him eat of the brown Bread, and drink of the turned Wine, when himself did both eat and drink of the best.

*Julius Caesar* and *Pompey*, were Boat-wrights and Tighters of Ships.

*Valentine* and *Orson* did serve in the Stones of Hell, and were Sweat-Rubbers in Hot-houses.

*Giglas* and *Gavian* were poor Swineherds.

*Jafrey* with the great Tooth, was a Tinder-maker, and Seller of Matches.

*Gosfrey de Budian*, a Hood-maker.

*Jafun* was a Bracelet-maker.

*Don Pietro de Casille*, a Carrier of Inhib-gences.

*Morgan*, a Beam-bearer.

*Huon of Bourdeaux*, a Hooper of Barrels.

*Perrhas*, a Kitchen-scullion.

*Amiochus*, a Chimney-sweep.

*Octavian*, a Scraper of Parchment.

*Nervus*, a Master.

Pope *Julius* was a Orier of Pudding-gies; but he left off wearing them his great huggery Beard.

*John of Paris* was a Greaser of Boots.

*Arthur of Britain*, an Ungiteler of Caps.

*Pierce Forrest*, a Carrier of Faggots.

Pope *Boniface* the Eighth, a Scumner of Pots.

Pope *Nicholas* the third, a Maker of Paper.

Pope *Alexander*, a Rat-catcher.

Pope

Pope Sixtus, an Anointer of those that have the Pox.

What, (said Panurgel) have they the Pox there too? Surely (said Epistemon) I never saw so many; there are there I think above a hundred Millions. For believe, that those who have not had the Pox in this World, must have it in the other.

Carbonyl (said Panurge) then am I free; for I have been as far as the Hole of Gibraltar, reached unto the outmost Bounds of Hercules, and gathered of the ripen.

Ogier the Dane was a Furber of Honour.

The King Tigranes, a Mender of matted Houses.

Galien Restored, a Taker of Moldwarps.

The four Sons of Hyacinth, were all Tooth-drawers.

Pope Calixtus, was the Barber of a Woman's *sine quoniam*.

Pope Urban, a Bacon-pecker.

Melusina was a Kitchen Dudge Wenche.

Mettabrant, a Landlady.

Cleopatra, a Crier of Onions.

Helene, a Broker for Chamber-maids.

Semiramis, the Beggars Lice-killer.

Dido did sell Malmemes.

Pentafles sold Circles.

Lucretia was an Ale-house Keeper.

Hortensia, a Spinster.

Livia, a Grater of Verdigrisee.

After this manner those that had been great Lords and Ladies here, got but a poor scurvy wretched Living there below. And on the contrary, the Philosophers and others, who in this World had been altogether indigent and wanting, were great Lords there in their turn. I saw *Diogenes* there shoue it out most pompously, and in great magnificence, with a rich purple Gown on him, and a golden Scepter in his Right hand. And which is more, he would now and then make *Alexander* the Great mad, so enormously would he abuse him, when he had not well patched his Breeches; for he used to pay his Skin with sound Bastinadoes. I saw *Epictetus* there most gallantly appatchell after the French Fashion, sitting under a pleasant Arbour, with store of hand som Gentlewomen, frolicking drinking dancing and making good Chear, with abundance of Crowns of the Sun. Above the Lattice were written these Verses for his Device:

*Sauter, dancier, faire les tours,*

*Et boire vin blanc, & vermeil;*

*Et ne faire rien tous les iours,*

*Que compter les escus au soleil.*

*To dance, to skip, and to play,*

*The best White and Claret so swill,*

*And nothing to do all the Day,*

*But roling in Money, at will.*

When he saw me, he invited me to drink with him very courteously, and I being willing to

to be intreated, we tipped and chopined together most *Theologically*. In the mean time came *Cyrus* to beg one Farthing of him for the honour of *Mercury*, therewith to buy a few Onions for his Supper. No, no, said *Epistemon*, I do not use in my Alms-giving to bestow Farthings, hold thou Varlet, there's a Crown for thee, be an honest Man. *Cyrus* was exceeding glad to have met with such a Booty. But the other poor Rogues, the Kings that are there below, as *Alexander*, *Darius*, and others, stole it away from him by night. I saw *Pashelin* the Treasurer of *Behadamantha*, who in cheapning the Pudding-pyes that Pope *Julius* cried, asked him, How much a Dozen? Three Blanks, said the Pope. Nay, (said *Pashelin*) three Blows with a Cudgel; lay them down here you Rascal, and go fetch more. The poor Pope went away weeping, who when he came to his Master the Pye-maker, told him that they had taken away his Pudding-pyes. Whereupon his Master gave him such a sound Lash with an Ecce-skin, that his own would have been worth nothing to make Bag-pipe-bags of. I saw Master *John le Maire*, there personate the Pope in such fashion, that he made all the poor Kings and Popes of this World kiss his Feet, and taking great State upon him, gave them his Benediction, saying, Get the Pardons, Rogues, get the Pardons, they are good cheap: I absolve you of Bread and Pottage, and dispense with you to be never good for any thing: then calling *Caillet* and *Triboulet*, to them he spoke these words,

My



My Lords the Cardinals dispatch their Bulls, to  
 win, to each of them a Blow with a Gudge upon  
 on the Rumps: Which accordingly was forth-  
 with performed.

I heard Master *Francis Killen* ask *Xavier*, How  
 much the Mese of Mustard? A Farthing, said *Xa-  
 vier*. To which the said *Killen* answered, The  
 Pox take thee for a Villain: as much of square-  
 ear'd Wheat is not worth half that Price, and  
 now thou offerest to enhance the Price of Victu-  
 als; with this he pift in his Pot as the Mustard-  
 makers of *Paris* use to do. Hwaw the *Franciscan*  
*de Baignolet*, who was one of the *Inquisition* a-  
 gainst Hereticks. When he saw *Pierre-Farrest*  
 making water against a Wall, on which was  
 painted the Fire of *St. Anthony*, declared him  
 Heretick, and would have caused him to be  
 burnt alive, had it not been for *Adong and*, who  
 for his *Professat* and other small Fees, gave him  
 nine Tuns of Beer.

Well, (said *Pantagruel*) reserve all these  
 fair Stories for another time, only tell us how  
 the Ufurers are there handled. I saw them  
 (said *Epistemon*) all very busily employed in  
 seeking of rusty Pins, and old Nails in the Ken-  
 nels of the Streets, as you see poor wretched  
 Rogues do in this World; but the quintal or  
 hundred Weight of this old Iron Ware, is  
 there valued but at the price of a Cattle of  
 Bread; and yet they have but a very bad Dis-  
 patch and Riddance in the Sale of it: Thus the  
 poor Misers are sometimes three whole Weeks  
 with-

without eating one Morsel or Crumb of Bread, and yet work both Day and Night looking for the *fair re come*: nevertheless, of all this Labour, Toil and Misery, they reckon nothing; so busiedly active they are in the prosecution of that their base Calling, in hopes at the end of the Year, to earn some scurvy Penny by it.

But Come, (said *Pantagruel*) let us now make our selves merry one bout, and drink (my Lads) I beseech you, for it is very good drinking all this Month. Then did they uncase their Flagons by Heaps and Dozens, and with their Leaguer-provision made excellent good Chear. But the poor King *Anarchus* could not all this while settle himself towards any fit of Mirth: whereupon *Panurge* said, Of what Trade shall we make thy Lord the King here, that he may be skilful in the Art, when he goes thither to sojourn, amongst all the Devils of Hell? Indeed (said *Pantagruel*) that was well advised of thee, do with him what thou wilt: I give him to thee. O Gramercy: (said *Panurge*) the Present is not to be refused, and I love it from you.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXI.

*How Pantagruel entred into the City of the Amaurots, and how Panurge married King Anarchus as an old Lantern-carrying Hag, and made him a Crier of Green-sauce.*

**A**FTER this wonderful Victory, Pantagruel sent *Carpalin* unto the City of the *Amaurots*, to declare and signify unto them how the King *Anarchus* was taken Prisoner, and all the Enemies of the City overthrown; which News when they heard, all the Inhabitants of the City came forth to meet him in good order, and with a great triumphant Pomp, conducting him with a heavenly Joy into the City, where innumerable Bonfires were kindled every-where, and fair round Tables furnished with store of good Victuals, set out in the middle of the Streets. This was a Renewing of the *Golden-Age*: so good was the Cheer which then they made.

But *Pantagruel* having assembled the whole Senate, and Common-Council-Men of the Town, said (*My Masters*) we must now strike the Iron whilst it is hot; it is therefore my Will, that before we frolick it any longer, we advise how to assault and take the whole Kingdom of the *Dipsodes*. To which effect, let those that will go with me provide themselves against to

BOOK II.  
Morrow after drinking ; for then will I begin to march. Nor that I need any more Men than I have to help me to conquer it ; for I could make it as sure that way as if I had it already, but I see this City is so full of Inhabitants, that they scarce can turn in the Streets : I will therefore carry them as a Colony into *Dipsody*, and will give them all that Country, which is fair, wealthy, fruitful and pleasant, above all other Countries in the World, as many of you can tell who have been there heretofore. Every one of you therefore that will go along, let him provide himself as I have said. This Counsel and Resolution being published in the City, the next Morning there assembled in the *Piazza*, before the Palace, to the number of Eighteen hundred fifty six thousand and eleven, besides Women and little Children. Thus began they to march straight into *Dipsody*, in such good order as did the People of *Israel* when they departed out of *Egypt*, to pass over the Red-sea.

But before we proceed any further, I will tell you how *Panurge* handled his Prisoner the King *Anarchus*. For having remembered that which *Epistemon* had related, how the Kings and rich Men in this World were used in the *Elysian* Fields, and how they got their Living there by base and ignoble Trades ; he therefore one day apparelled his King in a pretty little Canvas Doublet, all jagged and pinked like the Tippet of a light Horse-man's Cap, together with a Pair of large Mariner's Breeches, and Stockins without

without Shoes: For (said he) they would but  
spoil his Sight; and a little peach-coloured  
Bonnet, with a great *Capon's* Feather in it. I lie,  
for I think he had two: and a very handsome  
Girdle, *de pers & vert*; saying, that such a Li-  
very did become him well, for that he had al-  
ways been *perverse*. And in this Plight bring-  
ing him before *Pantagruel*, said unto him, Do  
you know this Royster? No indeed, said *Pan-  
tagruel*. It is (said *Panurge*) my Lord; the  
King of the *clouted Host*. I intend to make  
him an honest Man. These *Devils of Kings*  
here are but as so many Calves; they know no-  
thing, and are good for nothing but to do a  
thousand Mischiefs to their poor Subjects, and  
to trouble all the World with War for their un-  
just and detestable Pleasure. I will put him to a  
Trade, and make him a *Crier of Green-sauce*.  
Go to, begin and cry; *Do you lack any Green-  
sauce?* and the poor Devil cried. That is too  
low (said *Panurge*); then took him by the  
Ear, saying, Sing higher in *Ge, sol, re, ut*. So,  
so, (poor Wretch) thou hast a good Throat;  
Thou could'st never have been so happy hadst  
thou continued longer King.

And *Pantagruel* made himself merry with all  
this. For I dare boldly say, that he was the best  
little Gaffer that was to be seen between this  
and the end of a Staff. Thus was *Anarchus*  
made a good *Crier of Green-sauce*. Two Days  
thereafter, *Panurge* married him with an old  
*Lantern-carrying Hag*; and he himself made



the Wedding with fine Sheeps-Heads, brave Haslets with Mustard, gallant Salligots with Garlick, of which he sent five Horse-loads unto *Pantagruel*; which he ate up all, he found them so *appetizing*. And for their Drink, they had a kind of small well-watered Wine, and some Sorbapple-cider. And to make them dance, he hired a blind Man that made Musick to them with a Windbroach.

After Dinner he led them to the Palace, and shewed them to *Pantagruel*, and said, pointing to the married Woman, You need not fear that she will *crack*. Why? said *Pantagruel*. Because, said *Panurge*, she is well slit and broke up already. What do you mean by that? said *Pantagruel*. Do not you see, said *Panurge*, that the *Chefnuts* which are roasted in the Fire, if they be whole, they *crack* as if they were mad; and to keep them from *cracking*, they make an Incision in them, and slit them: So this new Bride is in her lower Parts well *slit* before, and therefore will not *crack* behind.

*Pantagruel* gave them a little Lodg near the Lower-street, and a Mortar of Stone wherein to bray and pound their Sauce. And in this manner did they do their little Business, he being as pretty a Crier of Green-sauce as ever was seen in the Country of *Utopia*. But I have been told since, that his Wife doth beat him like Plaister, and the poor Sor dares not defend himself, he is so simple.

## C H A P. XXXII.

*How Pantagruel with his Tongue covered a whole Army, and what the Author saw in his Mouth.*

**T**HUS as *Pantagruel* with all his Army had entered into the Country of the *Dipsodes*, every one was glad of it, and incontinently rendred themselves unto him, bringing him out of their own good Wills the Keys of all the Cities where he went, the *Almirods* only excepted; who being resolved to hold out against him, made answer to his *Heraulds* that they would not yield but upon very honourable and good Conditions.

What, (said *Pantagruel*) do they ask any better Terms than the Hand at the Pot, and the Glass in their Fist? Come let us go sack them, and put them all to the Sword. Then did they put themselves in good order, as being fully determined to give an Assault. But by the way passing through a large Field, they were overtaken with a great Shower of Rain. Whereat they began to shiver and tremble, to croud, press and thrust close to one another. When *Pantagruel* saw that, he made their Captains tell them, that it was nothing, and that he saw well above the Clouds, that it would be nothing but a little Dew; but

howsoever, that they should put themselves in order, and he would cover them. Then did they put themselves in a close order, and stood as near to other as they could; and *Pantagruel* drew out his Tongue only halfway, and covered them all, as a Hen doth her Chickens.

In the mean time I who relate to you these so veritable Stories, hid my self under a Burdock-leaf, which was not much less in Largeness than the Arch of the Bridg of *Montrible*: but when I saw them thus covered, I went towards them to shelter my self likewise, which I could not do; for that (as the Saying is) *at the Yards End there is no Cloth left*. Then as well as I could, I got upon it, and went along full two Leagues upon his Tongue, and so long marched, that at last I came into his Mouth: But O Gods and Goddesses, what did I see there? *Jupiter* confound me with his *trifulk* Lightning if I lie: I walked there as they do in *Sophie* at *Constantinople*, and saw there great Rocks like the Mountains in *Denmark*, I believe that those were his Teeth; I saw also fair Medows, large Forests, great and strong Cities, not a jot less than *Lyons* or *Poitier*: The first Man I met with there was a good honest Fellow planting Colworts; whereat being very much amazed, I asked him, My Friend, what dost thou make here? I plant Colworts, said he: But how, and wherewith said I? Ha Sir, said he, every one cannot have his Ballocks as heavy as a Mortar;

neither can we be all rich: thus do I get my poor Living, and carry them to the Market to sell in the City which is here behind. *Jesuo!* (said I) is there here a new World? Sure (said he) it is never a jot new, but it is commonly reported, that without this there is an Earth, whereof the Inhabitants enjoy the Light of a Sun and a Moon; and that it is full of, and replenished with very good Commodities; but yet this is more ancient than that. Yea, but (said I) my Friend, what is the Name of that City whither thou carriest thy Colworts to sell? It is called *Alpharage*, (said he) and all the Indwellers are *Christians*, very honest Men, and will make you good chear. To be brief, I resolved to go thither. Now in my way I met with a Fellow that was lying in wait to catch Pigeons, of whom I asked, (*My Friend*) from whence come these Pigeons? Sir, (said he) they come from the other World. Then I thought that when *Pantagruel* yawned, the Pigeons went into his Mouth in whole Flocks, thinking that it had been a Pigeon-House.

Then I went into the City, which I found fair, very strong, and seated in a good Air; but at my Entry the Guard demanded of me my Pass or Ticket; whereat I was much astonished, and asked them, (*My Masters*) is there any Danger of the Plague here? O Lord, (said they) they die hard by here so fast, that the Cart runs about the Streets. Good God! (said I) and where? whereunto they answered,

ed, That it was in *Larinx* and *Pharinx*, which are two great Cities, such as *Rowen* and *Nantz*, rich and of great Trading: and the Cause of the Plague was by a stinking and infectious Exhalation which lately vapoured out of the *Abismes*, whereof there have died above two and twenty hundred and threescore thousand and sixteen Persons within this Sevensnight. Then I considered, calculated and found, that it was a rank and unfavoury Breathing, which came out of *Pantagruel's* Stomach when he did eat so much Garlick, as we have aforesaid.

Parting from thence I pass'd amongst the Rocks, which were his Teeth, and never left walking till I got upon one of them, and there I found the pleasantest Places in the World, great large Tennis-courts, fair Galleries, sweet Meddows, store of Vines, and an infinite Number of Banqueting Summer Out-houses in the Fields, after the *Italian* Fashion, full of Pleasure and Delight, where I stayed full four Months, and never made better cheer in my Life as then. After that I went down by the hinder Teeth to come to the Chaps; but in the way I was robbed by Thieves in a great Forest that is in the Territory towards the Ears. Then (after a little further travelling) I fell upon a pretty petty Village, (truly I have forgot the Name of it) where I was yet merrier than ever, and got some certain Money to live by, can you tell how? by Sleeping: for there they hire Men by



by the Day to sleep, and they get by it six Pence a Day; but they that can shorn hard get at least Nine-pence. How I had been robbed in the Valley I informed the Senators, who told me that in very truth the People of that side were bad Livers, and naturally thievish; whereby I perceived well, that as we have with us the Countreys *Cisalpine* and *Transalpine*, so have they there the Countreys *Cidentine* and *Tradentine*, that is, behither and beyond the Teeth: but it is far better living on this side, and the Air is purer. There I began to think, that it is very true which is commonly said, that the one half of the World knoweth not how the other half liveth. Seeing none before my self had ever written of that Country, wherein are above five and twenty Kingdoms inhabited, besides Deserts, and a great Arm of the Sea. I have composed a great Book, intituled, *The History of the Gorgians*, because they dwell in the Gorge of my Master *Pantagruel*.

At last I was willing to return, and passing by his Beard, I cast my self upon his Shoulders, and from thence slid down to the Ground, and fell before him. As soon as I was perceived by him, he asked me, Whence comest thou, *Alcosribas*? I answered him, Out of your Mouth, my Lord? And how long hast thou been there, said he? Since the time (said I) that you went against the *Almirods*; that is, about six Months ago, said he.

And

And wherewith didst thou live? what didst thou drink? I answered, My Lord, of the same that you did, and of the daintiest Morfels that pass'd through your Throat I took Toll. Yea, but said he, where didst thou shite? In your Throat (my Lord) said I. Ha, ha, thou art a merry Fellow, said he. We have with the Help of God conquered all the Land of the *Dipsodes*, I will give thee the *Chastellein* of *Salwigoudin*. Grammercy, my Lord, said I, you gratify me beyond all that I have deserved of you.

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### C H A P. XXXIII.

*How Pantagruel became sick, and the manner how he was recovered.*

**A** While after this the good *Pantagruel* fell sick, and had such an Illness in his Stomach, that he could neither eat nor drink: and because Mischief seldom comes alone, he had got also the *hot Piss*, which tormented him more than you would believe. His Physicians nevertheless helped him very well, and with store of *Lenitives* and *diuretick* Drugs made him piss away his Pain: His Urine was so hot, that since that time it is not yet cold; and you have of it in divers Places of *France*, according to the Course that it took, and they are called the *hot Baths*, as at *Coderets*; at *Li-*

*mons*;

*mous* ; at *Dast* ; at *Ballervie* ; at *Nerie* ; at *Bourbonansie* ; and elsewhere. In *Italy*, at *Mongros* ; at *Appone* ; at *Sancto Petro de Padua* ; at *St. Helen* ; at *Casa Nuova* : At *St. Bartolomee* in the County of *Boulogne* : at the *Lorrette* ; and a thousand other Places.

And I wonder much at a Rabble of foolish Philosophers and Physicians, who spend their time in disputing, whence the Heat of the said Waters cometh, whether it be by reason of *Borax*, or *Sulphur*, or *Allum*, or *Saltpeter*, that is within the Mine ; for they do nothing but dote, and better were it for them to rub their Arse against a Thistle, than to waste away their time thus in disputing of that whereof they know not the Original : for the Resolution is easy, neither need we to enquire any further, than that the said *Baths* came by a *hot Piss* of the good *Pantagruel*.

Now to tell you after what manner he was cured of his principal Disease, I let pass how for a *Minorative*, he took four hundred pound Weight of *Colophoniack Scammonee* ; six score and eighteen Cart-loads of *Cassia* ; eleven thousand and nine hundred pound Weight of *Rubarb*, besides other confused Jumbings of sundry Drugs. You must understand, that by the Advice of the *Physicians*, it was ordered that what did offend his Stomach should be taken away ; and therefore they made seventeen great Balls of Copper, each

each whereof was bigger than that which is to be seen on the top of *St. Peter's* Needle at *Rome*, and in such sort, that they did open in the midst, and shut with a Spring. Into one of them entered one of his Men, carrying a *Lan-thorn* and a *Torch* lighted, and so *Pantagruel* swallowed him down like a little Pill: Into seven others went seven Country-fellows, having every one of them a *Shovel* on his Neck: Into nine others entred nine Wood-carriers, having each of them a *Basket* hung at his Neck, and so were they swallowed down like Pills: When they were in his Stomach, every one undid his Spring, and came out of their Cabins: the first whereof was he that carried the *Lan-thorn*, and so they fell more than half a *League* into a most horrible Gulph, more stinking and infectious than ever was *Mephitis*, or the *Marishes* of *Camerina*, or the abominably unsavory Lake of *Sorbona*, whereof *Strabo* maketh mention. And had it not been, that they had very well antidoted their Stomach, Heart and *Wine-pot*, which is called the *Noddle*, they had been altogether suffocated and choaked with these detestable Vapours: O what a Perfume! O what an Evaporation wherewith to bewray the Masks or Mufers of young mangy Queans! After that with groping and smelling they came near to the fecal Matter and the corrupted Humours. Finally, they found a *Montjoy*, or Heap of Ordure and Filth; then, fell the Pioneers

neers to work to dig it up, and the rest with their Shovels filled the Baskets; and when all was cleansed, every one retired himself into his Ball.

This done, *Pantagruel* enforcing himself to a Vomit, very easily brought them out, and they made no more shew in his Mouth than a Fart in yours: But when they came merrily out of their Pills, I thought upon the *Grecians* coming out of the *Trojan Horse*. By this Means was he healed, and brought unto his former State and Convalescence. And of these brazen *Pills* you have one at *Orleans*, upon the Steeple of the *Holy Cross Church*.

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#### C H A P. XXXIV.

*The Conclusion of this present Book, and the Excuse of the Author.*

NOW (my Masters) you have heard a Beginning of the horrifick History of my Lord and Master *Pantagruel*. Here will I make an end of the first Book. My Head aches a little, and I perceive that the Registers of my Brain are somewhat jumbled and disordered with this *Septembrall Juice*. You shall have the rest of the History at *Frankfort Mart* next coming, and there shall you see how *Pannurge* was



was married and made a Cuckold within a Month after his Wedding: how *Pantagruel* found out the Philosopher's Stone, the Manner how he found it, and the Way how to use it: How he past over the *Caspian* Mountains, and how he sailed through the *Atlantick* Sea, defeated the *Cannibals*, and conquered the Isles of *Perles*; how he married the Daughter of the King of *India*, called *Presian*; how he fought against the Devil, and burnt up five Chambers of Hell, ransacked the great black Chamber, threw *Proserpina* into the Fire, broke five Teeth of *Lucifer*, and the Horn that was in his Arse. How he visited the Regions of the *Moon*, to know whether indeed the *Moon* were not entire and whole; or if the Women had three Quarters of it in their *Heads*, and a thousand other little Merriments all veritable. These are brave things truly: Good Night, Gentlemen, *Perdonate mi*, and think not so much upon my Faults, that you forget your own. If you say to me, (*Master*) it would seem that you were not very wise in writing to us these *flimflam* Stories; and pleasant Pooleries;

I answer you, that you are not much wiser to spend your time in reading them. Nevertheless, if you read them to make your selves merry, as in manner of Pastime I wrote them, you and I both are far more worthy of Pardon than

than a great Rabble of *squint-minded* Fellows, *counterfeit* Saints, *devoure* Lookers, *Hypocrites*, *Zealots*, *rough Fryars*, *Burkin-Monks*, and other such Sects of Men, who disguise themselves like Maskers to deceive the World: for whilst they give the common People to understand, that they are busied about nothing but Contemplation and Devotion in *Fastings* and *Maceration* of their *Sensuality*, and that only to sustain and aliment the small Frailty of their *Humanity*; it is so far otherwise, that on the contrary (God knows) what cheer they make, *Et Curios simulant, sed bacchanalia sequunt.* You may read it in great Letters, in the colouring of their *red Snows*, and *gulching Bellies* as big as a Tun, unless it be when they perfume themselves with Sulphur. As for their Study it is wholly taken up in reading of *Pantagruelin* Books, not so much to pass the Time merrily, as to hurt some one or other mischievously, to wit, in *articling*, *sole-articling*, *wry-neckifying*, *buttock-stirring*, *balloeking*, and *diabliculating*, that is *calumniating*: wherein they are like unto the poor Rogues of a Village, that are busy in stirring up and scraping in the Ordure and Filth of little Children in the Season of Cherries and Guinds, and that only to find the Kernels, that they may sell them to the Druggists, to make thereof *Pomander-Oil*. Fly from these Men, abhor and hate them as much as I do, and upon my Faith  
you

you will find your selves the better for it. And if you desire to be good *Pantagruelists*, (that is to say, to live in Peace, Joy, Health, making your selves always merry) *never trust those Men that always peep out at one Hole.*

*The End of the Second Book of*

**RABELAIS.**

**FINIS.**

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